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1905



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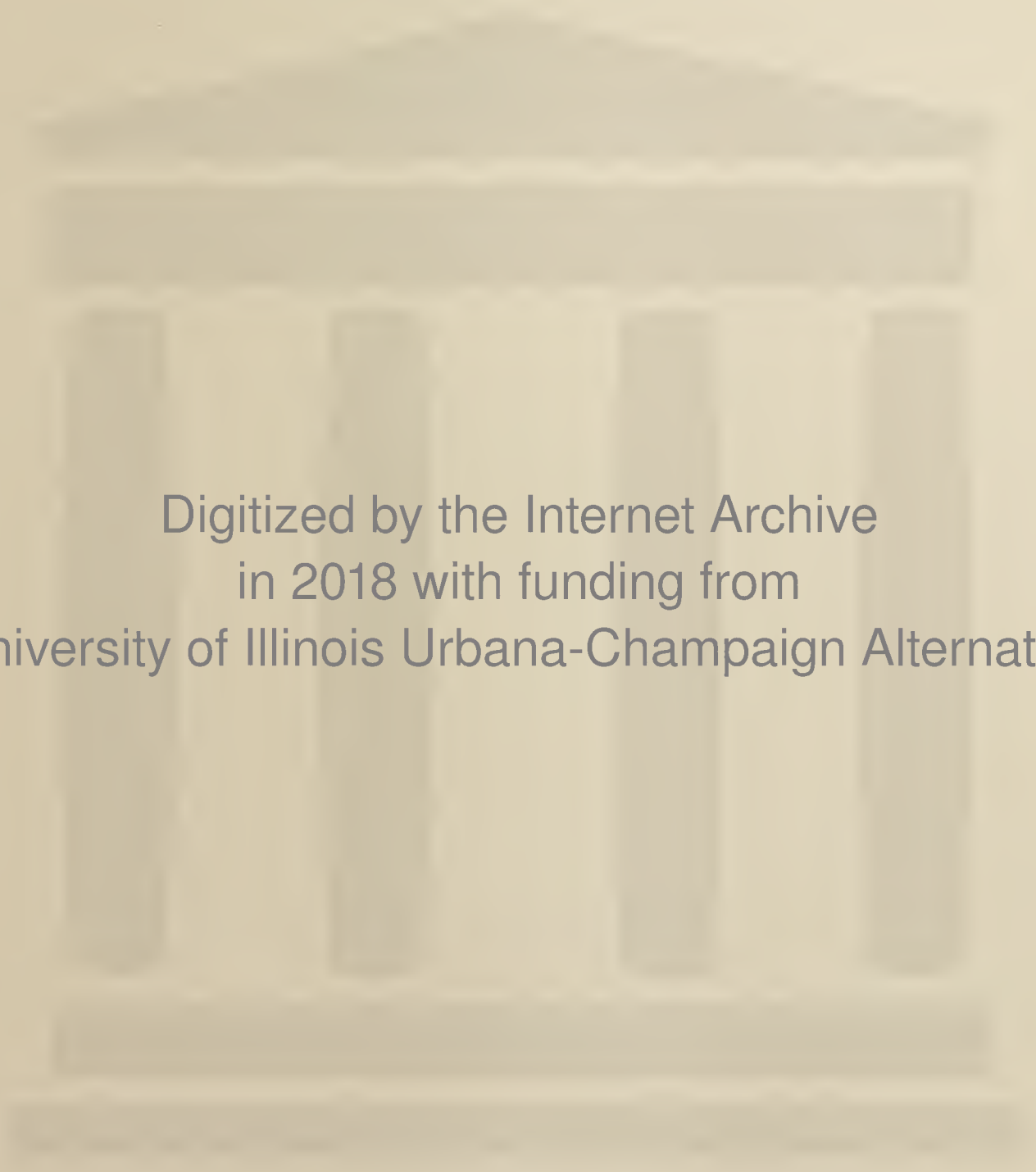
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THE LUCKY BAG
1905

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The 
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United States
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Volume XII

Annapolis, Maryland
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To
LIEUTENANT NEEDHAM LEE JONES

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TO WHOSE PATIENT FORBEARANCE WITH OUR

“WOODENNESS”

SO MANY OF US OWE OUR BEING IN THE SERVICE TODAY

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

*“In all my experience with Midshipmen I have never found
one who was not worthy of a two-five if you
went at him in the right way.”*

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Foreword

IN presenting this book the editors desire to thank the contributors both without and within the Academy for their kindly interest and the invaluable help they have given us. They have greatly assisted us in our attempt to set forth the life and changes we have known in the last four years.

But for the most part this book is of necessity local. We cannot hope to interest the world at large with the records of our academic years, now gone forever, but if our friends care to look herein they may find some of the things we have thought and said and treasured up living here amid the passing of the Old, and under the shadow of the New.

Memory never grows old: the laughing eyes dim and voices die away, but the remembrance of the years ago will be with us unto the ends of the earth, hallowed by Friendship and softened by time.

Despite whatever mingled feelings of joy and regret with which we think of our passing, it is decreed that our time has come to leave, possibly forever, our Alma Mater. One part of the journey is done, and our mantle falls upon others. "The King is dead! Long live the King!"

100380

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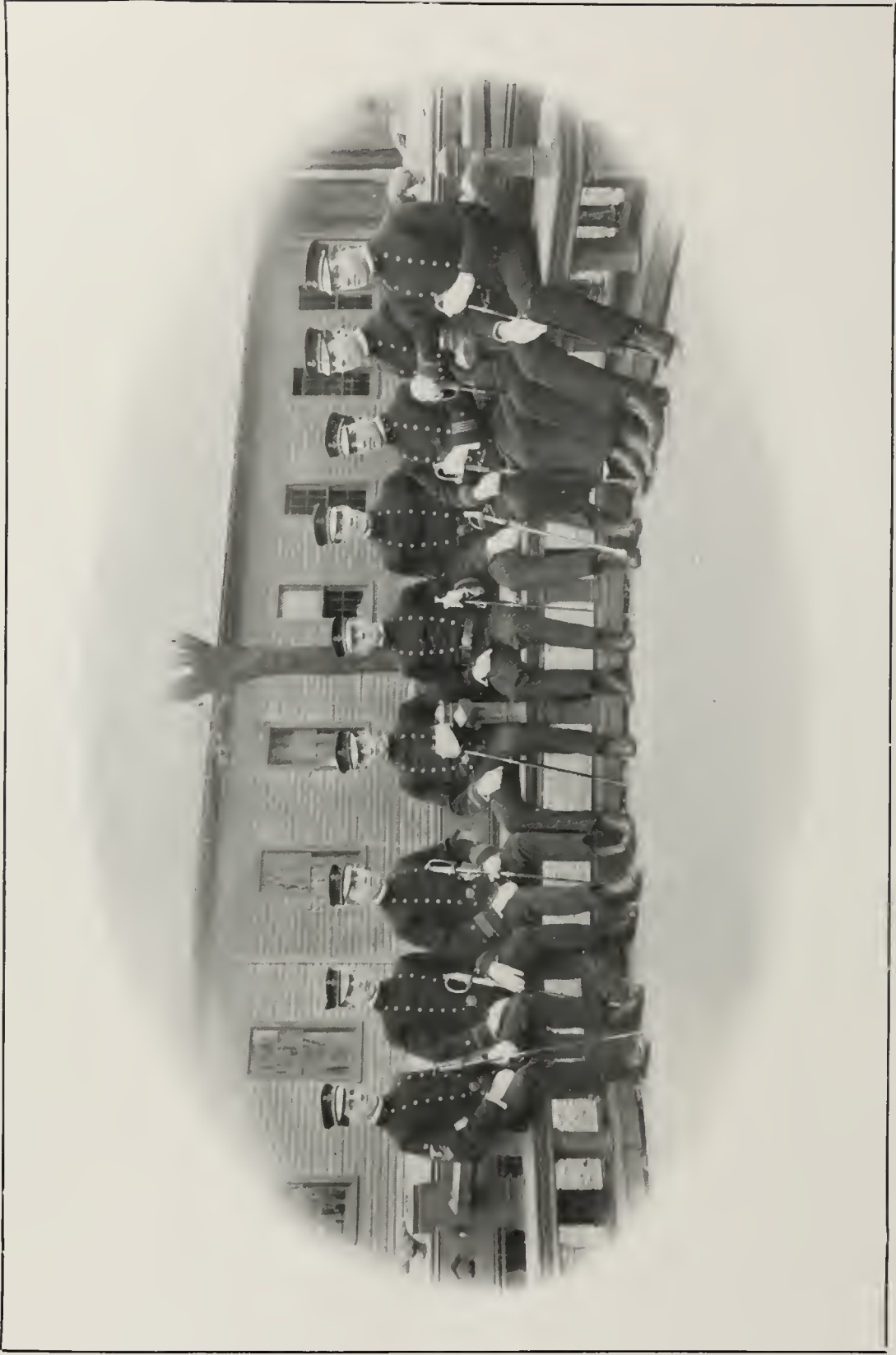
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Petty Officers, First Class.

First Company.

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SMEALLIE,
NORRIS, A.
STRASSBURGER.

Second Company.

SELFRIDGE,
ELLYSON,
HOOPER,
POOLE, J. M.

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Fourth Company.

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HAINES, G. W.
NEWTON, J. H.
ATKINSON.

Fifth Company.

OBERLIN,
DURR,
SPEARS,
GORDON.

Sixth Company.

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TOWNSEND, L. W.
SUMPTER,
CULBERTSON.

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LORSHBOUGH,
CHAPIN.

CAMPBELL, M., JR.
ATKINS, L. M.
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CADET PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST BATTALION.



CADET OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION.



CADET PETTY OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION.

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Seventh Company.

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Eighth Company.

NIMITZ, Cadet Lieutenant. STOTT, Cadet Jr. Lieutenant. BOWEN, Cadet Ensign.

Ninth Company.

BORDER, Cadet Lieutenant. IRVINE, R. L., Cadet Jr. Lieut. BROWN, H., Cadet Ensign.

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Seventh Company.

FURBER,
SHOEMAKER,
MARSTON,
DUTTON.

Eighth Company.

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BAGGALEY,
FARWELL, E.

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MILLER, J. P.
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MINOR,
LONDON,
LAIRD, H. C.

Eleventh Company.

FURLONG,
BEALL, G. A.
LOHR,
RENO.

Twelfth Company.

SEARS,
MORRISON, J. R.
PEGG,
ORR.

Petty Officers, Second Class.

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FRENCH,
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The Santee Squad.

ATKINS, (2, 3)	FARLEY (2)	LASSING (3)	RENO (2)
AUSTIN (2)	FAWELL (3)	LIGHTLE (2, 3)	ROBINSON (3, 2)
BAGGALEY (3)	FURLONG (2)	McCLINTIC (2)	ROOT (3)
BAKER (1)	GADDIS (2)	MANDEVILLE (2, 1)	SEARS (2)
BEALL (4, 3, 2)	GREEN (3)	MARSTON (2)	SHAW (1)
BLASDEL (4, 3, 2, 1)	HAINES (2, 3)	MORRISON (3, 2, 1)	SMEALLIE (2)
BURNHAM (2)	HARGIS (3, 2)	NEILSON (4, 3)	SMITH, S. B. (2)
COOK (3)	HAYNE (2)	OBERLIN (2)	STRASSBURGER (4,3,2)
CULBERTSON (3, 2)	INGERSOLL (2)	OGAN (2)	SUMPTER (3)
DORTCH (2, 1)	IRWIN (2)	ORR (2)	WADSWORTH (2)
DUTTON (3)	JACKSON (3)	POND (3)	WHITING (3)
EKLUND (3)	JAMES (3)	POOLE (3)	WILCOX (3)
ELLYSON (3, 2)	KAYS (1)	RAWLE (4, 3)	



A Day of Judgment.

Once a little middy
Thought he could safely do
All the naughty, naughty things
A middy should eschew.

He said, "A cigarette is soothing;
Without it can I do?
And poker aids my mental gear,
And gives it practice, too.

Why Frenching's more than easy,
For I have quite a cinch
A-slipping in and out the gate,
With no unseemly pinch."

But alas! a day of reckoning
Was drawing swiftly near,
As more and more demerits
Were added to the year.

More frequently he languished
Upon the ship Santee,
Till, at last o'ertaken, vanquished,
A saddened bilger's he.



MIDSHIPMEN, FIRST CLASS

BAKER

DORTCH
SHAW

KAYS
MANDEVILLE



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THE CLASS
OF 1905.



The Class
of 1905



A. A. Atkins



J. J. Atkins

Arthur Kennedy Atkins,

Butte, Mon.

"Tommy" "Bucket."

*"Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."*—SHAK.

First Sergeant (1) Buzzard (2) Hop Committee (4, 3, 2)
Chairman (1) Hustlers (4, 3) Tribunal, Santee (3, 2) Chesapeake (4).

Has a very happy, guileless smile and fetching dimples. Irresistible to the fair sex, and dances divinely if he has enough open water astern. Perpetrates a continuous performance of Puck on the public, and takes the punishment incident upon his outrageous puns with the air of a philosopher. Learned to smoke (2), and keeps his pipes on the steam coil. Indulges in midnight festivities sometimes with disastrous results.



John Franklin Atkinson,

Waverly, Ga.

"Dinah" "John."

"Homekeeping youths have ever homely wits."—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Fencing Team (2) Indiana (4) Chesapeake (4).

Full of quaint sayings and expressions reeking with the similes of the farm. His laugh starts all the fowls within a radius of a mile cackling like mad; his picking of the banjo makes one's feet move in spite of themselves, and his recital of the woes of Jesse James and family brings tears to the eyes. Knows Woolsey's Mechanics by heart according to page number. Captures a 2.5 every year by means of midnight oil and the most steadfast efforts.



Charles Morrison Austin,

Knoxville, Tenn.

“Chahlie” “Carlos” “Dutch Charlie.”

“Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.”—SHAK.

First Sergeant (1) Farewell Ball Committee (2) Banner Committee (2) Santee (2).

A simple minded youth, content with ephemeral joys. Has a face like a cherub, surrounded by curly locks of golden tow. A hellion with the ladies, who really think he is sane.

Gets enough mail, blue and pink, for ten men, and saves postage by confining some attention to Annapolis. A constant ornament of the language trees, and can speak French, Spanish and Sanskrit with equal fluency. Obtained a 2.5 only by use of the gramophone and wedding presents. Never bones but always has a 2.5 1. Actually cooked Gaddis (2) and nearly bursts with conceit. Thought he was going to have a Welsh rarebit because the Exec. said to break out chafing gear.

William Baggaley,

Susquehanna, Pa.

“Bill” “Begalley” “Red Beak” “Dooke” “Pinknose.”

*“Nose, Nose, Nose, Nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?”—SHAK.*

Buzzard (2, 1) Hop Committee (3, 2, 1) Banner Committee (2) Farewell Ball Committee (2) Fob Committee (3) Hustlers (3, 2) Track Team (4, 3, 2) Santee (3) Class Football (1).

To judge from his appearance one would say he drank. Indeed the bowl never overflowed if he saw it in time. Always tired, always rhino, and recites with an aggrieved air. Sings like a crow, and looks like Bacchus. Amuses himself by rolling a uniform sign down the corridor at midnight hotly pursued by Squabby. Got caught doing everything but saying his prayers and obeying regulations. Utterly indifferent to everything save his own repose.

“I bet I bust today.”





Chas M. Austin



W B Baggeley



Virgil Parker



Crawford A. Beall

Virgil Baker,

Bloomington, Tenn.

“Sargint” “Vigil.”

“Get me twenty cunning cooks.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Clean Sleeve (1) Class Football Team (2) Santee (1) Second Section Leader (4, 3, 2, 1).

A tall, harmless veteran of the Spanish War, whose only failing is a poor appetite. Got to breakfast formation once on time, but had to go to the hospital that night. Wears non-regulation shoes and once in a while a regulation collar. Has rewritten the comedy “The Girl From Kays,” giving it the new name, “The Ruination of Kays.” Makes a kind of fudge which seems to say “you won’t want to eat me any more.” Has pleasant recollections of the night when “Babes in Toyland” was in town, as he went to sea soon afterwards. Even then couldn’t part with his buzzard.



Grafton Asbury Beall,

Wheeling, W. Va.

“Grahfton” “Kang.”

“Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Hustlers (2) Official Time-keeper (2) Santee (4, 3, 2) Class Football Team (1).

One of the prowlers. Almost persuades you that he is talking sense by his judicial air and Bawston accent. Carries his shoulders on a level with his ears and trips over his own toes. (He informs the editor that he is not pigeon-toed in both feet.) Never turns in till reveille. Something of a fusser in a small way, and never owned any reg. clothes. Always “agin” the government, believes in anarchy and the red flag. Keeps time for the football people and does time on the Santee.

“A-oh! fellows, y’ know, I can’t get into that box.”



Francis Gaines Blasdel,

New York City.

“Doodle” “Blazdoul” “Irish” “Bow’ry.”

“As honest a soul as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship.”—CAPT. KIDD.

Buzzard (1) Santee (4, 3, 2, 1) Over the limit (4, 3, 2, 1). Gets into trouble but never gets out. Stopped hazing at the Academy (3). Never discouraged; not to be cast down; and the buoyancy of his Irish spirits illuminates his Irish face. Usually has been outrageously soaked and will tell you all about it if you will but listen. Stoutly avows that it was J. Pierpont Morgan’s pony and not Vanderbilt’s that fell on Dutchberger’s leg. Lived with Spooks a year and was sane, tho’ not very strong minded, at the end of it.

“I get ten demerits! Now what d’yer think o’ that!”

Lee Scott Border,

Cedar Falls, Ia.

“Hank” “Bossy” “Border Ruffian.”

“Kept the noiseless tenor of their way.”—GRAY.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (3, 2) Rifle Team (2) Choir (2) Indiana (4).

The constant quantity “K.” Never ruffled since the days, Plebe days, when he used to feed the animals. Resembles a bovine so much that one almost expects him to say “moo” at a stranger. Doesn’t get any more demerits than Hughie, and when he once got started (it took him a year) the allied forces of math, skinny and steam were powerless to stop him. Bilged out of the choir (1) and spent two months trying to figure out why.

BOWERY





Francis F. Blasdel



L. S. Border.



H.G. Brown.



Hugh Brown

Harold Gardiner Bowen,

Providence, R. I.

“Boween” “Bo-hen.”

“*A bold, bad man.*”—SPENCER.

One Stripe (1) Indiana (4) Woman-hater (4, 3).

His three great sources of amusement are learning seamanship, riding horseback, and smoking the vilest cigars that he can get from his friends. A rank socialist, atheist, flat-foot and square-head. A cave dweller. Lost all faith in mankind on Plebe cruise. Was a retired bachelor until ruined by Stott. Positively makes his last appearance at every hop. Likes to study the stars. A friend of Hellweg's. An efficient sailorman on the Hartford.

“I can go to schleep now, the lightsh sthopped goin' round.”



Hugh Brown,

Indianapolis, Ind.

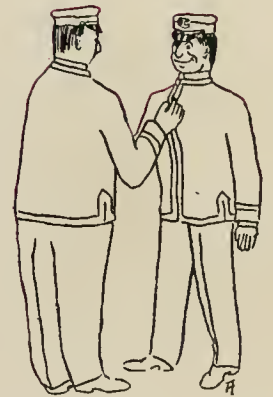
“Ughie” “Han'some Dan.”

“*He cometh to you with a tale which boldeth children from play,
and old men from the chimney corner.*”—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

One Stripe (1) Stood 66 (2) Bower Anchor (4, 3).

A constant reader of the Standard, and an ardent devotee of the ballet and red sashes. A motherly creature that spoons on all the plebes and mends every one's socks. And he keeps up with all the current gossip and is always whispering a secret straight from the President. Was really naughty going on second class leave. Kicked the partition down on the occupants of the next berth in a Pullman and then blamed it on the porter.

“Have you heard the latest?”



Hubert Burnham,

At Large, Evanston, Ill.

“Squabby” “Boinum” “Swiftly” “Bernheim” “Oom Paul” “Kruger”
“Squabs-right” “Pidge.”

“An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.”—SHERIDAN.

“Thirty days bath September, April, June and Squab Burnham.”—OLD JINGLE.

Buzzard (1) Ring Committee, Crest Committee, Lucky Bag Committee, Class Football (3, 2, 1) Track (3, 2) Santee (June week) (2).

A married man. Fell a victim to the blind archer and didn't hear the bugle, wherefore he got “thirty days.” The owner of an obliging but rather apoplectic laugh and a delightful Billingsgate brogue. Very skillful with the pencil, but does not give promise of future usefulness in the service. Has a choice selection of “chokes,” told with the true Bowery accent. Easily fussed and a regular good thing for the French Department.



Turner Foster Caldwell,

Nashville, Tenn.

“Paddy” “Patty” “Octo” “M. Link.”

“Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest.”—LONGFELLOW.

Two Stripes (1) Farewell Ball Committee, Second Baseball Team (4) Class Baseball (3, 2) Chesapeake (4) Tribunal.

Looks like Old Hickory or a map of Ireland, and regards life with droll sarcasm. Some one in the family was to go into the Navy, and Paddy was elected by a large majority. But even the charms of the Academy have been powerless to make him satisfied. Some say that a g—, but that is another matter. Talks in a deliberate way that sometimes causes him to stop in the middle and begin over. Has contrived to deceive the ladies by posing as a fancy-free cavalier.

“The-The-Theo-Theo-bald! An-An-Answer up. I ain't goin' to vote for any man that's one-eighth niggah.”





Hubert Burnham



T. H. Caldwell



Malcolm Campbell



Bruce S. Lanaga.

Malcolm Campbell,

Newark, N. J.

“Max” “Lill” “Lillie” “Birdie” “Hoboken.”

*“What is your sex’s earliest, latest care,
Your heart’s supreme ambition? To be fair.”*—LORD LYTTLETON.

Buzzard (1) Indiana (4) Class Hockey Team (2).

Nervous, abrupt and ladylike. Greets you with a cheery “Heyo” or “I don’t know you” and a coy smile that is most enchanting. Has used every hair restorer on the market in vain, and can barely muster a quorum when she brushes her hair. A dead “swell” at the hops and steps on her own ruffles. Never stands on more than one foot at a time. Has the audacity to claim that New Jersey is fit to live in and firmly believes that the mosquitoes are as thoroughly run out of said swamp as the snakes out of Ireland.



Bruce Livingston Canaga,

Scio, O.

“Dago” “Canigy” “Bruce” “Goat.”

*“It’s guid to be merry and wise,
It’s guid to be honest and true.”*—BURNS.

One Stripe (1) Track Team (4, 2) Manager Class Football Team (3).

Good-natured to a fault. Generous as the sunshine, and the willing, even cheery, butt of all hands. Sings and dances under the watchful eye of Olaf, and defends himself with his trusty blade. Represents the state of Ohio in the Board of Guvernurs. Always ready for a rough house, a bit of music or a celebration. Sees naught but the merry side of life and contributes his share to the general store of mirth.

Walks like a pump and sings about the “merry warbling birds” on state occasions.



Andrew Francis Carter,

Dillon, S. C.

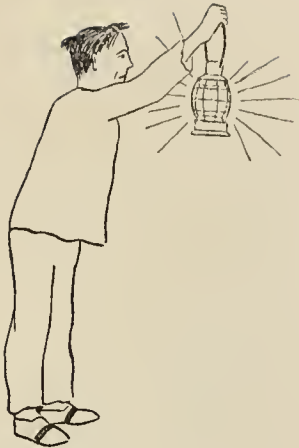
“Nick” “Andrew.”

“This flour of wifly patience.”—CHAUCER.

One Stripe (1) Track Team (2) Indiana (4).

Has hard luck in the matter of roommates, who invariably go wrong under his tutelage. Used to spend most of the nights Plebe year looking for Court; made another unsuccessful attempt with “Single” next year and finally tried Johnny Ferg., who so decisively capped the climax that he never tried again. Gradually acquired the vernacular of the sea, and can scarcely be told now from an old sea dog, to hear him talk.

“Mr. Cyarter is so cute—we all think heaps of Mr. Cyarter.”



HAS ANYBODY SEEN
THAT MAN GOTE?

Glenn Owen Carter,

Cincinnati, O.

“Go” “Go Carter” “Go Cart.”

“Men are but children of a larger growth.”—DRYDEN.

Two Stripes (1) Minstrels (4).

Cut an inch off the tape in order to enter. Now takes off his shoes to enter. Dislikes to wait for anything—women and trains. Abolished the Midshipmen’s seven S’s in order to “study steam.” Shaved once Plebe year [that’s the truth]. Has no bad habits, still he is beset with one misfortune after another. Rooms with “Ben,” after already having roomed with him one year!

Had to get a new outfit every year, so that now he wears his Plebe trousers as knickerbockers.





Andrew F. Carlen



Glenn O. Carter



A. T. Church



R. B. Coffey

Albert Thomas Church,

Boise, Idaho.

“Iglesias” “Alberto.”

“Not so much virtuous as a friend of virtue.”—BOILEAU.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Addicted to Coffey habit (4, 3).
One of the ancient members of the class. Will retire twelve years after graduation. Always relating reminiscences of his childhood in the West. Uses a strictly regulation step. Was a skilled expert in the Assay office, and is said to have imported several gold bricks. English fiend (4). Defined abaft as “not exactly right.”
“Has everybody had one? Well, little Albert will take one.”



Reuben Burton Coffey,

St. Joseph, Mo.

“Formula Q” “Rat” “Squirrel” “Reuben” “Mouse” “Rube.”

*“He could distinguish and divide
A hair, ’twixt south and southwest side.”—BUTLER.*

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (2) Class Baseball Team (3)
Member of Church Party (4, 3).

Spends his spare time reading modern French and Spanish classics. Is noted for his originality in working Skinny probs. One of the Polaris party. Comes from Missouri in modern sense of the word and you have to show him. Went into the animal show at St. Louis and his people had to get a writ of habeas corpus to get him out. Ordnance expert.





Vaughn Kimball Coman,

La Crosse, Wis.

“Plug” “Hansome.”

“Trust me, you’ll find a heart of truth within that rough outside.”—MRS. OSGOOD.

Buzzard (1) Class Football (3, 2, 1) Second Crew (3, 2).

A stalwart toiler and always works where it is least seen. Frequents the tea parties. Loses everything but his temper. When aroused he will violently swear quaint oaths until you laugh at him, whereupon he will smile his sad, sweet smile and cease. Has been mistaken for the delirium tremens, and is even remarked upon by Boston chorus girls. Never too much put out to think of someone else and never too tired to do a favor.

Arthur Byron Cook,

Evansville, Ind.

“Cookie” “Artie.”

“Lies awake ten nights, carving the shape of a new doublet.—”SHAK.

Brigade Adjutant (1) Buzzard (2) Class Supper Committee Santee (3) Indiana (4).

A very fashion plate, perpetrated on the social world by Strassburger (2). Self centered to a degree and not fond of undue exertion. Buys everything in sight and then looks for more. Threw a whole trayful of good booze away once and was justly punished for his extravagance. Solved the problem of how to get along without effort after one ineffectual attempt. Frightens his own eyes out of his head with the fury of his language. Strassburger’s guardian (2, 1).





Vaughn K Conner



A. B. Cook



A. B. Court



Ormond L. Cox

Alvah Breaker Court,

Houston, Tex.

“Doc” “A. Bagdad” “Little Alva.”

*“Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.”—DRYDEN.*

Five Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Class President, Hustlers (4) Second Crew (4) Crew (3), Captain (2) Choir (4, 3, 2) Leader (1) Chesapeake (4) Neptune Minstrels (4) Editor-in-Chief of the Lucky Bag.

Like Alexander he cries for more worlds to conquer—more stripes to wear. Surpasses Mark Antony in oratory, and Tom Van Revel with the guitar. Kept the instructors busy looking up long words in the dictionary Plebe year. Has no time to study. A faithful friend and an unrelenting enemy. Missed his calling when he did not enter the diplomatic corps. Divides his time between the Supe’s office and the Commandant’s, and the responsibility of the Naval Academy rests heavily on his shoulders.

“If drink hurts your business, quit your business.” “Don’t show me that—it makes me nervous.”



Ormond Lee Cox,

Rix Mills, O.

“Ophelia” “Bedelia” “Coxie” “Bill.”

“I speak in understanding.”—SHAK.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4, 3, 2) President Y. M. C. A. (1).

Retiring and sedate, setting the things of the next world above those of this. In every way a fiend, chews up Math with a voracity that is simply appalling. Contrives all sorts of devilish mechanisms, with the aid of “Steer Laird,” to make non-reg. use of the electric plant. Hit a tree (1) which so frightened the Steam Department that the tree was never posted.



Logan Cresap,

Annapolis, Md.

“Cree-sap” “Worthy Citizen” “Fixit” “104.”

*“I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”—SHAK.*

One Stripe (1) Buzzard (2) Class Banner Committee, Manager Crew (2).

“A distinguished representative and worthy citizen of Annapolis.” Does less with more effort than any man alive. Unbounded energy and confidence in himself. Spends most of his time in the machine shop and in converting his apartment into a junk room. Calls Extra Dry “darn good beer.” Always willing to do a favor, but is generally sworn at for his pains. Authority on pipes and tobaccos. Admitted a mistake on May 5, 1904.

William Linn Culbertson,

Carroll, Ia.

“Cully” “Ada.”

“To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in this world.”—FRONDE.

Buzzard (1) Santee (3, 2).

Surely a man of strong intellect, for he still appears sane after two years of Sumpter’s effervescent hurrah. The man who took the “Kill-me-quick.” A photographer of some ability. The society man of the family and the other half of the fair-haired Swedish twins. Takes cross country walks occasionally to exercise “Sump” in the tree climbing traits of his ancestors. Was never known to be angry during his whole course at the Academy.

“I’m too tired to hug Ada.”



I AM FOR THE MIDSHIPMEN
THEY HAVE SUFFERED LONG.





Logan Cresap



W. G. Culbertson Jr.



Rose S. Culp.



Louis P Davis

Ross Sherman Culp,

Norwalk, O.

“Bettie” “Bessie” “B. Gulp.”

“Avaunt! tonight my heart is light!”—POE.

Buzzard (1) Second Baseball Team (3, 2) Indiana (4).

Lisps fantastic ejaculations, apparently for no cause whatever, and bluffs an instructor with the same vacant earnest expression he wears at chapel. Firmly believes he rates a four, except when Hiram leads the instructor to think he is wooden. Makes the Language Department look like three cents in Mexican money when it comes to “habling el fronces.” Built a good deal on the order of a meal sack.

“Off to the ratheth



Louis Poisson Davis,

Wilmington, N. C.

“Louise” “Looney” “Li’ll Felluh” “Runt.”

*“He is like one of King John’s men,
It takes ffteen bundred of him to make a thousand.”*—OLD SAYING.

First Sergeant (1) Class Football Team (2, 1) Coxswain Third Crew (3) Indiana (4).

To hear him talk you would think he was a pirate ten feet high. Entered at five feet, but has waxed and grown strong and added, by taking thought, one-third of a cubit to his stature. Loves a good rough house, can wake the natives of Baltimore yelling at a crew. Got his nickname on account of the dear maidenly smile that would upon occasions break across his face during Plebedom.



Isaac Foote Dortch,

Gadsden, Ala.

"Ikey" "Hattie."

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."—CERVANTES.

Buzzard (2), Class Football Team (3, 2), Class Baseball Team (3) Captain (2), Santee (2, 1), Chesapeake (4) Clean Sleeve (1).

Slender and boyish in appearance, but has lots of nerve—enough to play the great American game of draw at Louise's joint on credit. Believes in the old adage "sufficient unto the day, etc." Ever ready to say a good word for the absent man; cheerful and a typical Southern gentleman—would rather sit on a box and tell jokes than work, drill or go to chapel. Has in turn taken care of "Bagdad," "Foolish Fuller," "the Dutchman," "Grace," "Wilcox" and "John Jack." Note the results.



Jonathan Stewart Dowell, Jr.

McKinney, Tex.

"Father" "Dad" "Dad-gum-it" "Gramp."

"I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state."—SEWELL.

One stripe (1) Football Team (2, 1) Voted for Cleveland (1888).

Originator of the famous naval question "Where is that dad-gum lizard at?" Doesn't see yet how they use the Morris tube in action. Considers the State of Texas as the Garden of Eden and hopes to go to Congress when he resigns. Rugged and remarkably energetic for one of his years. One of the non-fussers. Knows (he must know by this time) a varied vocabulary of cuss words, but still clings to those designed for ladies' use.

"Gee, but she's a stem-winder!"





S. F. Dorch



J. S. Dowell, Jr.



Ernest Durr.



Benj. Dutton Jr.

Ernest Durr,

Baker City, Ore.

“Spooks” “Olaf” “Tin-can Johnnie” “Oraygin” “Spec.”

*“Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.
He thinks too much.”*—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Class Football Team (3, 2) Hustlers (1).

A lean, spare youth with an inquiring mind. Asks the wrong question at the right time and then suffers. Talks in his sleep and is the victim of vivid hallucinations. Smokes a disreputable cob pipe and sings through his nose. Retiring in disposition but always on hand. Knows all sorts of neck holds and patent ways to sandbag a man. Indeed, his strength and agility greatly belie his somewhat attenuated face.



Benjamin Dutton, Jr.

Meadville, Pa.

“Ben” “Galoola” “Buxom Bungie.”

“My hair is gray, but not with years.”—BYRON.

Buzzard (1) Class Football Team (2) Santee (3).

Looks very savez when he puts his glasses on, so he usually takes them to recitation. Has a unique way of getting a focus. Authority on seamanship, along with Norris and Eklund. Member of the Bath Room Vaudeville. Speaks of Meadville as if it were heaven, and wears an expression of ineffable content upon his placid face. Always pleasant, and rhinos only as a matter of courtesy.



William Edgar Eberle,

Fort Smith, Ark.

“Peter” “Squirt” “Imp.”

“That struts and frets his hour.”—SHAK.

Battalion Adjutant (1) Chairman Ring Committee, Manager Baseball Team (2) Indiana (4) Neptune Minstrels (4).

High minded youth but loves to smoke other people's cigarettes. Believes in sarcasm and imposing airs as he does his future. A lion among ladies—holds his hands behind him, stands on his heels and tells his little story. Took a prize at a baby show and dreams of it yet. Expert navigator, and knows the great circle course and distance to every officer's quarters in the yard and out of it. One of the close harmonizers.



Frank Nathaniel Eklund,

Eureka, Cal.

“Dot Boy” “Eklundt” “Boy.”

“Eureka, I have found it.”—BYRON.

Buzzard (1) Track (3, 2) Choir (2) Santee (3) (Xmas).

A society man of many cities, having numerous acquaintances along the coast. Always the first man ashore but has had many hairbreadth escapes from missing the first boat—notably the flying “yump” at New Bedford. Possessed with soft eyes and also a fine complexion due to his untiring massage with a beauty roller and to his self-perfected system of physical culture. Looks like mercury in studding sails in his running clothes. Makes the half-hour from 9:30 to 10:00 a nightmare with his infernal mandolin. Last in war, last in peace and last at every formation.





William E. Eberle



F. N. Eklund



J. D. Ellison



Louis Cabott Farley

Theodore Gordon Ellyson,

Richmond, Va.

"Spuds" "Ella" "Reddy."

*"Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more."*—PARNELL.

Buzzard (1) Class Baseball (3) Baseball Scrubs (2) Santee (3, 2) Chesapeake (4) Class Football (1).

A hopeless but not hopless fusser. Fond of night raids and prefers sitting in the corridor with a sack of "Bull" to turning in. His curly hair and fetching pronunciation of the word "house" are too much for the fair sex. Posed as a savoir Plebe year and then rested on his laurels. Will stop at nothing in search of a good time; knows all the easy places on the wall, and prefers "Star Plug" to all others. "Buffalo Bill" second class leave. Starred at Bobby's.



Louis Calott Farley,

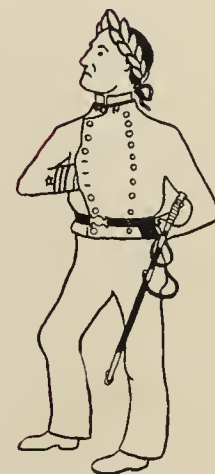
Rowe, Mass.

"Lewis" "Fahly" "Willie" "Louey."

*"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."*—BURNS.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Crest Committee, Football Team (4, 3, 2) Captain (1) Crew (4, 3) Santee (2) Indiana, Chesapeake (4) Class Supper Committee, Tribunal, Lucky Bag Committee.

Massachusetts with a broad *a*. Amorous as a southern belle, and impetuous as a nor'easter. Strenuous, and takes success by the nape of the neck, but a failure in love. Fell from his high place one fine Sunday morning (2) and had a hard time getting back up. "It's all gone now, Mr. Farley; it's all gone." Changed in everything except himself in four years, and was none the worse for it. One of the Polaris party. "Stand by—Mahk." "I should not lauhgh at him. I should cuhrse him."



DONT CHEER, BOYS, THE POOR
DEVILS ARE DYING"

Earle Farwell,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Earle” “Kid” “P. Anthony.”

*“Behold the child, by nature’s kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.”—POPE.*

Buzzard (1).

A little shaver with “yeller” hair and a desire to be touge. Gets hilarious reading advertisements of Mumm’s and Wilson, and had to be put under the spigot and put to bed, when somebody threw a cork through the transom. Always playing bum jokes and gets the worst of them. Gives professional advice with no experience whatever. Does however make a good thing occasionally with his chafing dish. Shaved first time November 14, 1903.

“Whee!” “If you run me, mister, I’ll run you.”



Reed Marquette Fawell,

Lincoln, Neb.

“Pop” “Popsy.”

*“A blithesome brother at the bowl,
A welcome guest in hall and bowler;
He knows each place where wine is good
'Twixt Newcastle and Holyrood.”—SCOTT.*

Buzzard (1) Santee (3) Gym Team (4).

A finisher. Never known to quit before the bunch. Has a habit of getting adopted. A sunny-natured, sunny-haired fusser who has come perilously near his finish—note Stott. One of the militaires. Quit playing poker last spring; needed his money to invest in stamps. The Nebraska Nightingale, genus, close agony. “Come on Grafton, let’s give them a song.” A noted traveler via Short Line and return. A clever “buster” of the regulations whose innocent look and aggrieved manner usually get him out of trouble.

“Say fellows, I’ve got to bone.”

“Won’t you come home, Bill Bailey?”





Earle Fawell



Reed M. Fawell



John N. Ferguson



H. Frankenberg.

John Norwood Ferguson,

Waynesville, N. C.

“Johnnie Ferg” “Choochie.”

*“Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.”*—O. W. HOLMES.

Two Stripes (1) Track Team (3, 2) Indiana (4).

Recites in liquid tones and velvety expressions. Solemn as a Colonel in the preparation of a mint-julep. Has spent four years hard work in a vain effort to live up to the family reputation. Was Nick’s last experiment in the wife line and a failure. Has never learned how to bust gracefully, and is in a chronic state of aggrieved indignation against the length of lessons.



Hugo Frankenberger,

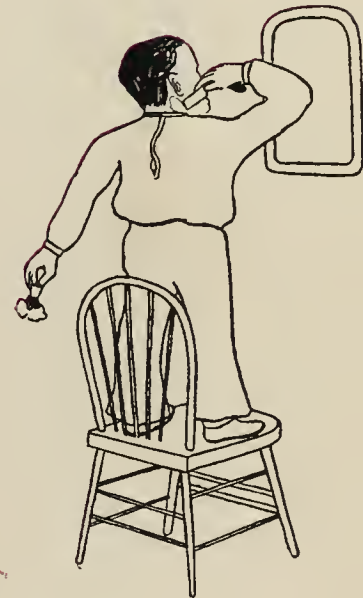
Charleston, W. Va.

“Square” “Berger” “Fracas” “Frankenhasher.”

*“He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuasive.”*—SHAK.

Four Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4, 3, 2) Stood one (4, 3) Fob Committee, Lucky Bag Committee, Tribunal, Chesapeake (4).

Had to get an extra size napkin ring to put his name on. Was chairman of the Chronic Rhino and Anti-fussing League until the end of Youngster year, when he resigned to take up a position as light-house tender. Loves all his teachers and doesn’t hesitate to say so. Won’t grease and has probably kept more men in the Navy than anybody else in the class. Lost his class ring (2) and started going to the hops. Holds a degree from the University of W. Va., where the entrance age is 22. Youngest man in the class.





William Lee Friedell,

Texarkana, Ark.

“Fridle” “Efie” “Friedeggs.”

*“Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.”*—WADSWORTH.

Buzzard (2, 1) Class Football Team (3, 2).

Graceful as a coil of rope and passing fair. Used to be the target at which Bummie Green exercised himself casting epithets. Comes from the dreamy western land where the natives spend the languid days in dusting the flies off the passerby with a 44-caliber, and walks as if he were dodging about six bullets, all coming from different directions. Was a special pet of Courtney’s on second class cruise. “Prepped” with John Paul Jones and was a well known fixture in Annapolis for many years.



Robert Samuel Furber,

Northfield, Minn.

“Bob” “Carrol” “Bobs” “Colonel.”

“Who dares this pair of boots displace.”—RHODES.

First Sergeant (1) Crest Committee, Lucky Bag Committee, Class Supper Committee, Gym (one day) Indiana (4).

A good natured son of Erin who is subject to fits of spontaneous and irrepressible cachination over his own or anybody else’s jokes. Wears the same size in shoes and collars. Responsible for most of the works of art herein, and expects to go on the sick list shortly. A lover with small success, except chorus girls.

“Sammy, Oh, Uncle Sammy,
Tell me you’re my Sammy Boy.”



W. L. Friedell.



Robert S. Freiber.



W. Rea Furlong.



W. P. Gaddie

William Rea Furlong,

Roscoe, Pa.

“Dutch” “Blubeard” “Langfur” “Burgess” “Germany.”

“Magnificent spectacle of human happiness.”—SIDNEY SMITH.

First Sergeant (1) Buzzard (2) Lucky Bag Committee, Tribunal, Choir (4, 3, 2, 1) Fencing Team (3) for one week, Conscientious Boner (4, 3) Roomed with Beall (2, 1) Chesapeake (4) Yell-master (1) Corridor alarm clock (4, 3) Secretary Y. M. C. A. (3) Pandemonium Glee Club (4) Santee (2).

Holds Santee record; hit the ship twice in twenty-four hours. “Close up, ‘Fats’.” A little, short, jolly square-head who spoons on all plebes who speak Dutch. Likes sauerkraut, switzer and wieners. Always seasick on the cruise if anybody is. Was invited out to dinner and boned jokes all morning; came late and forgot them. Writes to Gretchen every day. Made out illustrated menus in all languages for plebe cruise and then dined with Snickle under the table.

“Get off my foot, Brice.”



William Peace Gaddis,

Wetumpka, Ala.

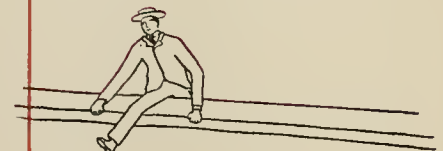
“Hayfie” (Jefe) “Blind Tom” “Felluh.”

“O dark, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark!”—MILTON.

Buzzard (1) Banner Committee (2) Class Baseball Team (2) Santee (2) German Committee.

Pride of the Spanish Department. Politician of the Tammany type, never without some scheme to spring at a class meeting, or some candidate for the next election. Charter and lifetime member of the wooden section; Bar Harbor favorite, in great demand at all social functions, especially tea parties. Sits on the wall and looks for the watchman.

“Beg pardon, Miss, but what is yo’ name!”



James Orville Gawne,

Fredonia, N. Y.

“Jimmie” “Jaime Ido.”

“Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”—MARLOWE.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4) Class Banner Race (2, 1).

Tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed; all the rage. Had a new girl every week until the middle of second class year. Led astray by Sweeney. Lost class ring once; watch fob twice. Recovered latter by means of a sofa pillow. Has a train of wheels in his head which is his favorite subject of conversation. Completely passive, opposed to exertion of any sort, except in connection with his correspondence.

Hamilton Freer Glover,

Orangeburg, N. C.

“Belledeny.”

“Man is man and master of his fate.”—TENNYSON.

Buzzard (1) Indiana (4) Went on leave (1).

Rameses II. reincarnated. Speaks a strange and uncouth dialect peculiar to himself, but somehow the Monk learned enough of it for the ordinary purposes of life, so that the Mummy and the Monk have lived in bliss since functiondom. Spanish expert. Disabled a three-inch field piece by carrying off the ramrod and filled the box of a Morris tube target with sorghum. Always popular at soirees, particularly those held in Indiana’s washroom. Is always soaked, but bones hard and keeps remarkably cheerful withal.

“What’s the jackass, Mr. Glover?”

“The donkey engine, sir.”

“Et hundred and ety et.”





James O. Gawne



A. F. Glover.



S. Gordon



Wm Henry Lane

Samuel Gordon,

Port Jervis, N. Y.

“Sammy” “Updegraf” “Guvener.”

*“I thank God that I am as honest as any man living
who is an old man and no honester than I.”—SHAK.*

Buzzard (1) Indiana (4).

A wit—appreciates a good joke and tells no other kind. He is silent on the subject, but his friends say he was a “lady killer” in New York. Was on the water wagon in his youth. Got off to pick up his hat and has never been able to get back. “My, but it’s high up here.” Was a good boy until he fell in with De Witt. Now lives with Squire, and keeps all the necessaries from corkscrew to seltzer. “A jolly good fellow,” and one of the Guveners.



Nelson Henry Goss,

Rockville, Ind.

“Goose” “Haymaker” “Nelse” “Farmer.”

“I’ll not budge an inch.”—SHAK.

Brigade Staff Petty Officer (1) Football Team (3, 2, 1) Crew (3, 2) Academy strength test (2).

“Gooseneck putter, the haymaker’s mate,” is a “profeshor of mashematics rzzr— and can lick any darned OShe in zhe buildingsh.” Perhaps he stands seven feet three inches, and wears a No. 10 G shoe. Is now almost bald from giving away locks of his hair to his lady friends in Baltimore. It has so many attractions for him, that his correspondence is always getting mixed up—sometimes with disastrous results. Lost class ring at farewell ball. Received a ducking while triced up to the dinghy’s falls on the Arkansas.

“Don’t call me Mr. Goss; call me Nelse—all the girls do.”

“Goose, pass the strawberries.”



Burton Hepburn Green,

Dousman, Wis.

“Bum” “Waddington” “Bright” “Dot.”

“*Oh, I will curse thee until thy soul runs mad with horror.*”—LEE.

Buzzard (1) Coxswain Second Crew (3, 2) Santee (3).

Oh, see the little man with the grown-up pockets! Exceeding touge with a crew voice which he uses like a trooper. Has lovely, great big brown eyes. Was led astray by Sal Woodson and got ragged smoking the first time he tried it. Hit the ship with temperature 112°, having forgotten to take the Doctor's thermometer off of the radiator in hospital.

“The danger of damp plaster, sir, is that it might fall on somebody.”

¿“Senor Green, Porque' tiene Vd dinero?”

“Para spendario, senor.”

“Hully Gee!”



Halford Robert Greenlee,

Lyndon, Ill.

“Tubby” “Green-eye.”

“*Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe.*”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1).

One of Skipper's chums and bankers, also a ballad-monger of the barber-shop variety. The Navy bump, however, had its quieting effect. Hand's bosom friend in malady—gets as much enjoyment out of life as though possessed with common sense. Thinks little and talks much, and is a close second on Pegg in making wooden queries. Wears non-regs. but they never fit. Belongs to the whist club, and smoking club as long as he can bum the makes.





B. H. Green



K. P. Greenlee



Gordon W. Haines



Edward G. Hargis

Gordon Wayne Haines,

Savannah, Ga.

“Heintz” “George Washington” “Pickles” “Hens.”

“In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Fob Committee, Tribunal, Santee (3, 2) Indiana (4) German Committee.

A fiery but ultra-courteous cavalier of the South. In connection with old man Johndeville runs an agency for class stationery, or anything with a crest on it. Somewhat of a moneyed man, owning first mortgage on the telephone system of Annapolis, but always has to borrow the nickel to use it. Shows frequent displays of eloquence and oratory at class meetings, but hasn't yet succeeded in equaling Beall when the latter wants to talk.

“Did anybody see Jokey?”

“Yes, here he is, what do you want with him.”



Edward Guerrant Hargis,

Winchester, Ky.

“Liz” “Runt.”

*“Such conduct will not be tolerated,
And it does not promise well
For his future usefulness
And career in the Navy.”—OLD SONG.*

Buzzard (1) Class Baseball Team (3) Rifle Team (2) Santee (3, 2).

Only punished for being caught, never for what he did. Unlucky in everything except poker. Tends to his own business and knows all there is to know about guns and their use. Likes to go to the Colonial but does not appreciate the company of Plebes anywhere, especially at the theatre. His chief occupation is herding—has looked after a single Cow for two years. Used to pour the tea at Cow's one-a.-m.-garden-parties till the whole bunch got ragged.



Isaac William Hayne,

Greenville, S. C.

"Ikey" "Fatty."

"He was a man of unbounded stomach."—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Class Football (1) Rifle Team (2) Santee (2) Indiana (4).

One of those buxom, fat, rosy-cheeked lads that never looks cool. Has had trouble with the Language Department since entering, but did not have to resort to the use of a gramophone. Gets the real article every Xmas fresh from the cob. Usually around with Squire and Skump to help with the mixing. Got his class ring plebe year. A most valuable acquisition on a launch party, if you can keep him from jumping overboard.

"Got some hot bare, felluhs." The other McSorley twin.

"286—Hayne, sir."



Stanford Caldwell Hooper,

San Bernadino, Cal.

"Agnes" "Cow."

When the proofs are present, what need is there of words?—OVID.

Buzzard (1).

This contribution to the array presented, hails from the snake and scorpion infested deserts of Southern California, where it had experience as a telegraph operator. Marvelous are the tales it unfolds of wild beasts and Indians. Has a grease with the Language Department through the purchase of a gramophone, has no difficulty now in obtaining a 3.6. Also the originator of a peculiar process of making Bessemer steel with the aid of spaghetti. Convert to "How-to-grow-tall Stretching Machine" and offers the following excellent advice to mariners.

"Sunset in the morning
Sailors take warning."

"(1) Route (2) March!"



HE HEARS HIS SPANISH MASTER'S VOICE



Isaac W. Hayne



Stanford C. Hooper



Gerald Howze



R. E. Dugan

Gerald Howze,

Birmingham, Ala.

“Scrubby” “Pete” “Scrumps.”

*“If his name be George, I’ll call him Peter,
For new made honors do forget men’s names.—SHAK.*

Two Stripes, Battalion Adjutant (1) Indiana (4) German Committee.

“Ain’t it so?” “Deed it’s the truf.” Blessed with a graceful understanding not unlike Squire’s, which serves its purpose except for an adjutant. Of peaceable and loving temperament. Bones a little, sleeps a good while and fusses the rest of the time. Belongs to the Kindergarten Social Club. Runs a race every day with the Imp in reading orders and usually wins out. Sits up after taps to shirk.

“You fool nigger Burgess.”



Royal Eason Ingersoll,

South Bend, Ind.

“Budge” “Bob” “P. Anksol, steerage cook.”

*“In vain we strive against love’s sway,
Who ne’er has loved, will love one day.”—DE BRISERADE.*

Four Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) for three weeks, Santee (2) for one week, Star (4, 3, 2) Class Secretary, Lucky Bag Committee, Choir (4, 3, 2, 1) Cigarette Fiend (1) Neptune Minstrels (4) Indiana (4).

Pretends to be a confirmed woman-hater. Attended three hops in three years. Courtney’s ideal on duty. Always tries to look unpleasant when he does not forget himself. “Now see heah, chile.” Another example of misplaced confidence. In connection with Fracas ran a first aid to the bilging (2). Took care of Stott for a year and a half, but alas! his teachings were short lived.



Robert Leo Irvine,

Salt Lake City, Utah.

“Spectre” “Spooks” “Pat.”

“I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish.”—SHAK.

Two Stripes (1) Gym Team (3) Captain (2) Chesapeake (4).

A long Mormon with the sick-call habit—noted for his long winded spiels on nothing much and for his longer excuses where the former are not worth a 2.5. A gum habitue. Exceedingly fond of black berries and wheat biscuits, although this diet is peculiarly conducive to sleep, he has never been known to be over half an hour late relieving watch. Particularly excels when it comes to reading orders:—Here’s a sample.

Annapolis, Md. U. S. Naval Academy
April 4, 1904.

Report to the sick board, medical quarters

Hicks
Hickey
Howard

Chas. J. Badger,
Commandant of Mid’n
Com’d’r U. S. N.
Humphrey.



Hiram Leech Irwin,

Franklin, Pa.

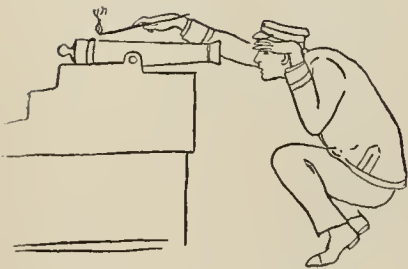
“Admiral” “Pop eyes” “x 3” “Square head.”

“Wise in his own conceit.”—PROVERBS.

First Sergeant (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4) Hustlers (4) Santee (2) Indiana (4).

Captain’s Clerk U. S. N. of the U. S. S. Oregon. Starred Plebe year, but Joey busted his constellation next year. A staid and dignified old man in his declining years. Delights in the society of ladies and has gained notoriety by his unsuccessful and disastrous attempts at frenching. Possessed with an old fiddle and the devil which break out simultaneously and which always bring down the wrath of the corridor. One is reminded of the good old Y. M. C. A. days of A. Wood. Can ask more profound wooden questions in one minute than Leary could spiel off in one recitation. Marks his “cits” and chucks them out of the windows

“Has anybody seen Hiram’s hat?”





R. L. Irvine



William L. Irvine



R. Allen Jackson



Anthony John James

Robert Allen Jackson,

Petersburg, Va.

“Madge” “Lovely Mary” “May Irwin.”

*“Petition me no petitions, sir, today;
Let other hours be set aside for business, etc.”—FIELDING.*

Buzzard (1) Fencing Team (3, 2) Gym Team (4, 3) Santee (3)
Indiana (4).

Sad eyed and indifferent. Fond of posing, and eternally rhino. Formed a passion for Hiram, and separated from him only in tears. Never made a success in society because of the far away look he gives you at times. Celebrates Thanksgiving in a peculiar way and then it’s “look out watchman.” One of the harem on Plebe cruise. Talks French to Wadsworth, giving the latest pronunciation as imported from the South Sea Islands.

“Yo ho! little girls! Yo ho!”



Anthony John James,

Chicago, Ill.

“Jessie” “Jaime.”

*“It is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.”—TENNYSON.*

Buzzard (1) Manager Class Football Team (1) Choir (3) Santee
(3) Class Tramp (1).

A roistering blade from Evanston. Charter member of the whist club and a partner in Louise’s joint. Made the choir Plebe year, but never succeeded since then, although he has had several re-exams. Possesses regulation Chicago feet. Has made several Santee cruises for several reasons. Rooms with Mickle and somehow they manage to return each other from liberty. Jaime possesses a great grease with the Language Department, being a linguist of no small note. Has never attempted to learn Belledeny’s, however.

“Yum, Yum, Jaime.”



Herbert Emory Kays,

Phoenix, Ari.

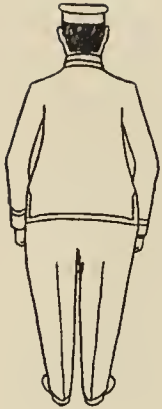
"Pap" "Keys."

"Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the beach."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Buzzard (1) Class Football Team (2) Santee (1) Clean Sleeve (1).

A charming, harmless creature that exists among us without much display or fuss. Very reg. in all respects—never hits the pap, never wears non-regs. and has no use for fancy pillows. Spends his practice cruises leaning over the lee rail admiring the beauties of the sea and the paymaster's best (though not always good) efforts. Declares that the Construction Corps will be good enough for him. Missed his train when coming to take the entrance exams. and wired the following to the Supt.

"Hold examinations, missed connections at Chicago."
Kays.



Horace Christopher Laird,

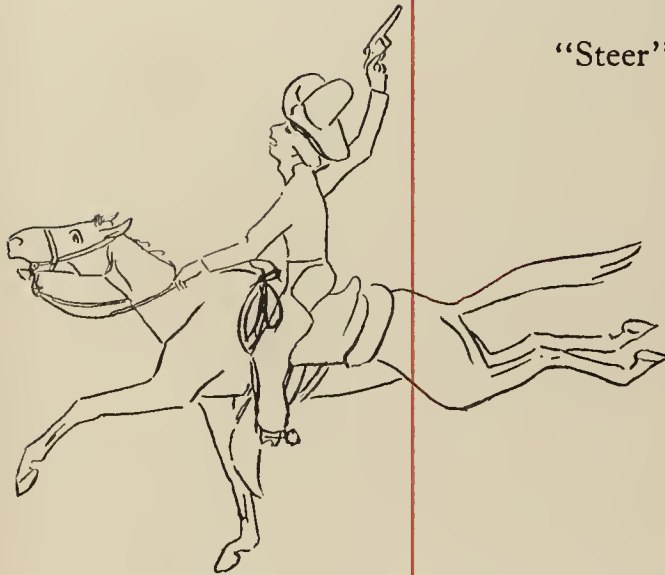
Vernon, Tex.

"Steer" "Texas."

"So wild that they were tame."—TENNYSON.

Buzzard (1) Crew (4, 3, 2) Class Football (1).

A cow puncher and bronco buster. Lassos every fence post in sight. An ardent student of time tables; never knows whether to go on leave to Michigan or to Texas. Had a bout with Cupid second class year and tried to resign. A mechanical genius, whose door opens at reveille, window closes, water pours out of a suspended pitcher, shoes come sliding over to his bed side, and a whisk broom brushes most viciously at his blouse. Blew out all the fuses in Annex "B" with his electrical contraptions.





H. C. Kay.



H. B. Land.



W. S. Fassing



S. W. Lawton Jr.

Walter Hamilton Lassing,

Union, Ky.

“Squire” “W. Bone.”

*“Fill me again with that forgotten juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.”*—OMAR KHYAM.

Cadet Chief Petty Officer (1) Rifle Team (2) Track Team (2)
Lucky Bag Committee, Santee (3) Chesapeake (4).

A staunch Kentuckian, very fond of fair women, if not of good whiskey. One of the Guveners, and a prime companion for any sort of celebration or tea fight. In spinning yarns can outdo the snake in the Garden of Eden. Has a choice collection of ballads and lyrics and homely airs that are discoursed at irregular intervals, interspersed with Biblical quotations and directions for use with regard to the use of the — department.

“Hallelujah! Give us a hand out!”



Sylvester Howard Lawton, Jr.

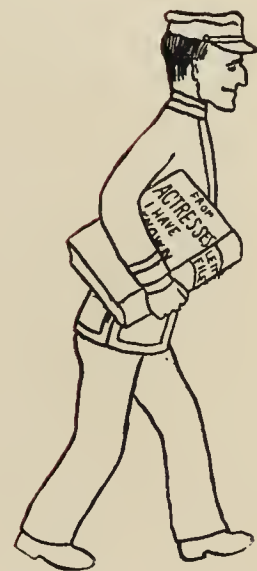
Toledo, O.

“Lawtong.”

“Every lover is a soldier.”—OVID.

Buzzard (1) Assistant Manager Lucky Bag.

Eternally rhino, believing that all the world is doing him spite. Behind the scenes at the Isle of Spice. Does hefty fussing with the aid of “B. Gulp.” Falls in love with a different girl every leave. Capsized with a party of girls and had to walk ashore. Never gets excited. Please notice the “Jr.” in his name. Has not yet learned the Navy style of profanity, but is up on all other requirements of the profession.



Herbert Fairfax Leary,

Baltimore, Md.

“Savezfax” “Time sight.”

“Why Hal, ’tis my vocation!

Hal: ’tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.”—SHAK.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4, 3, 2) Fencing Team (4, 3, 2) Class Baseball Team (3, 2) Indiana (4).

A military man with a wad of chewing gum. Talks like snow sliding off a roof. Spiel, my God! how he does spiel. Knows every seamanship by heart from Noah’s to Happy Hourigan’s. “It has been his one aim and desire to enter the naval service and to represent his district, etc.” Ask him for the rest of it: French and Spanish, forwards or backwards, he hasn’t forgotten it. Holding ground for the class anchor and main stay of the second division. Bones at all times and even on Xmas. Has the one and only grease with the dagos.



Winfield Liggett, Jr.

Harrisonburg, Va.

“Dewitt” “Luggitts.”

“Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit.”—HENRY FIELDING.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Class Supper Committee, Class Football Team (3, 2, 1) Treasurer Athletic Association (2) Indiana (4).

Leads a life of delicious repose. Studies by teaching others, and was never known to grease. Quiet and gentlemanly in manner. Controls himself in all things. Wins at poker and votes “aye” on all liquor questions. Likes plenty of color, especially on the corridor and yard lights New Year’s eve. Spent Plebe cruise in teaching upper classmen the proper use of Navy language. Is going to have his Bowditch buried with him in order to verify the course of Charon.





Fairfax Leary



W. Liggitt



W. D. Lightle



Carl Lohr

William Tupper Lightle,

Searcy, Ark.

“Bill” “Tupper” “Lightly.”

“Looked unuttered things.”—THOMSON.

Buzzard (2) One Stripe (1) Manager Football Team (1) Class Football Team (3) Captain (2) Santee (3, 2).

The Arkansas Traveler and a Southern gentlemen of the modern school. A member of the whist club and the woman-hater society. Decided in May to take Center cruise, but after being caterer on Summer cruise decided that the condition of the finances would permit of a trip to Arkansas. A receptacle for the Kid's jokes and Shawsky's nonsense. Burns the twilight oil, never having succeeded in keeping awake after 8 p. m. Can't go to sleep until his hair is parted and brushed.

“Oh Bedelia, 'Delia.”



Carl Amos Lohr,

Ceresco, Mich.

“Tubby” “Moonbeam” “Whale Oil Gus” “Kedge Anchor.”

*“An honest man, close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within.”*—COWPER.

Buzzard (1) Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2).

Possessed with a string of cognomens as long as his arms and with a smiling and beaming countenance that is a joy to behold. What would a practice cruise be without Tubby? Greased on Second Class cruise for a buzzard, but the bird was killed in infancy when the kedge anchor hit it. Developed into an ordnance fiend, some of his changes in the manual being appended elsewhere. Uses the “dead compass” as an aid to navigation.

“Mr. Lohr, brace up the after yards.”

“Aye, aye, sir; set taut. Hoist away.”



John Jackson London,

Pittsboro, N. C.

"John Jack."

*"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart."*—BYRON.

Buzzard (1) Farewell Ball Committee, Class Baseball Team (3, 2). Chairman Class German Committee.

A society and ladies' man of the highest development. Falls in love with any pretty girl at first sight, but the last girl he sees is like "the last ship I was in." Instilled his loving nature in Plug Coman. A card fiend, having a preference for poker, but will play whist if nothing else is offered. One of the chief supporters of Louise's gambling joint and bucket shop. Has never missed a hop since he started going to them, and vows he never will miss one. Dances divinely.

"Good Lord, Charlie, why in the devil don't you go?"



Byron McCandless,

Florence, Col.

"Mick" "Brick" "McCandles" "Byron Zero."

*"Oh the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman,
The tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,
Ranting, roaring Irishman."*—MAGINN.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Hustlers (4, 3, 1).

His playful taps and friendly nudges generally capsize the fellow that runs afoul of him. When he and a friend differ on a question there is not even standing room left for spectators. Authority on chemistry and mineralogy. Attends all the farewell balls. Came near bilging once by being honest. A bluff, straightforward fellow who talks with a half-aggrieved air that brings tears to the eyes.





John J Soudon



Byron Mc Candless



W. Stanley McLinton



R. C. MacFall

William Stanley McClintic,

Fort Lewis, Va.

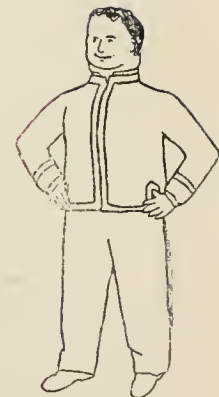
"Fat" "Berkshire" "McSwat" "Big Joe."

*"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident
Or Jove for 's power to thunder—SHAK.*

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Treasurer Athletic Association
(2) Hustlers (3) Football Team (2, 1) Tribunal, Santee (2).

"Who's got my book?" "I want my book." "Gimme some ham." A solid chunk of humanity from the mountains of Virginia, always ready for a rough house or a scrimmage. Spends most of his time sleeping and unconsciously adding to his girth. Is of a very conservative mind and stubborn in his ideas, usually right. Gets hot when the pace of a section is increased beyond his limit of step and is compelled to drop behind like Herr Bruder and his bazoon. Good natured with his fatness and seems to enjoy it.

One of McSorley's two beautiful twins.



Roscoe Conkling MacFall,

Dover, N. J.

"Roxy" "Mucfall" "Muck."

"Blessings be on him who first invented sleep."—CERVANTES.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Made a Remark at Class Meeting
(2) Cracked Bum Jokes (4, 3, 2, 1).

An ex-member of the bachelor's club. Swears like a trooper. A silent partner in the beef trust before entering the Naval Academy. Has worked out by Simpson's rule that he beats the government out of ten cents for every hour he sleeps and expects to be rich soon by this means. Took advantage of Jeb's woodenness and attendance at a "tea party" to cut him out. At times does the hops strenuously. Quite a fiend with special delivery letters and telegrams. Went hunting in the Adirondacks First-Class leave, and put up one lonely picture on his locker when he returned. Dreams of the eagles and lions carved on Memorial Hall. Belongs to the tobacco dispensary.

"I muscht shee Schtott and Boween."



Lawrence North McNair,

Warsaw, N. Y.

“Larry” “Fozzle” “Chimmie.”

*“I’ll be merry and free
I’ll be sad for nobody.”*—BURNS.

Buzzard (1) Class Football Captain (3) Hockey (2)
Chesapeake (4).

An accomplice of most of Tommy’s bum jokes, and a perpetrator of some choice bits of Bowery banter. Never known to “rhino” against anything or anybody. A fusser in a rather modest way, whose methods with the gentler sex are far more persuasive than those he uses toward the Skinny department. Noted for the idiosyncrasies of his pajamas.

“Und negsdt gomes I.”



Edward Lloyd McSheehy,

Logansport, Ind.

“Patsy” “McSheeney.”

*“In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though he vanquished he could argue still.”*—GOLDSMITH.

One Stripe (1) Buzzard (2) Choir (3, 1)

An Irishman and a Hoosier and proud of it; and prouder yet of his commission as a Cadet Ensign that hangs enshrined on his locker door. Inflicts the long-suffering corridor with the incessant pick-pick of his mandolin. Patsy, however, can give the Swede and Boy points in this line. Set in his notions and ideas and harder to move than Moose Marston. Cut a wide swath in smart society at Bar Harbor. Wears his cap with a flange on it like the marines.





J. H. McLean



C. M. Sheehy



J. M. Mandeville.



Coburn S. Marston

John Appleton Mandeville,

Carrollton, Ga.

“John” “Mandevil.”

“Put money in your purse.”—SHAK.

First Sergeant (1) Buzzard (2) Club Committee, Track Team (2) Santee (2) Ring Committee, Clean Sleeve (1).

Class goose (4, 3, 2, 1). The Georgia horsetrader, who in connection with G. W. Hens, is the proprietor of the emporium for class jewelry. Will take orders for any kind of clothing with class crest worked in free of charge. Never has had a regulation suit since Plebe year. Host at many after-taps entertainments, but usually succeeds in getting his guests ragged and sent to the ship for further orders. Always has a motion of some kind for a class meeting. Always receives hard and pointed treatment from his friends when he tries to perpetrate Tommy's jokes or tries to start fashions in haberdashery.



Coburn Stewart Marston,

Skowhegan, Me.

“Cobe” “Moose.”

“If he takes you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.”—BEN JONSON.

Buzzard (1, 2) Class Football (3, 2, 1) Second (3) Track (3, 2) Santee (2) Chesapeake (4).

The Canuck from Skowhegan—comes from so far north that he suffers from the heat of Annapolis's winters. Has the peculiar way down east Yankee twang mixed with Boston accent. Will argue with anyone that will stop and take the other side of the question. Enjoys nothing better than a battle of words with the Swede. Has a peculiar theory on the propulsive effect of flapping sails. Enjoys West Point games, particularly the trip home. Always in the mad race to beat the bugle. Has a patent fly catcher, the design of which was borrowed from Leary.

“T'wont make any difference.”



Herbert Hart Maxson,

Reno, Nev.

“Uncle Max” “Henri” “Nevady.”

“It is a great plague to be too handsome a man.”—PLANTUS.

Buzzard (1) Mumps (2).

An efficient young man, whose principal fault is that he comes from Nevada. Got a furlough Youngster year for his excellent record in grease. Was made a section leader in mathematics his second week in the Academy. Lives so far from civilization that he spends his September in Annapolis commanding torpedo boats. Jumped ship at New London, but got ragged coming back. Wears glasses and really looks intelligent in them.

“What did the enemy fire with, Mr. Maxson?”

“They fired with great effect, sir.”



Lucian Minor,

Galveston, Tex.

“Minner” “Lucy” “Looshen” “Luce” “Maje.”

“Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario.”—NICHOLAS ROWE.

Buzzard (1) Track (3) German Committee.

One of the notorious band of ladies' men. Never succeeded in making the Hop Committee, although the ladies all say “Really Terpsichore never had a better representative at a hop.” Is a member of the whist club and a partner in Louise Davis's joint and bucket shop. Once chucked the Officer of the Deck overboard for cracking a bum joke. Promoter of hops and teas on board practice ships and knows every girl on the Atlantic coast from Bar Harbor to Galveston.





H. H. Maxson



Lucian Minor



Joe Ralph Morrison



R.P.R. Neilson

Joe Ralph Morrison,

Saco, Me.

“Joey” “Joe” “Mosy.”

“Tax not so bad a voice to slander music more than once.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Baseball Second Team (4) Track (2) Santee (3, 2) Indiana (4).

“Are you from Maine? Well, so am I.” Has pink cheeks, goo-goo eyes, and a waddle that would put Count Stern-Wheeler to shame. Official scorer at football games, which offered great opportunities to pose before the gaze of the admiring multitude. Couldn’t hold down the job First Class year—likewise got bounced off the brigade staff, which also offered excellent opportunities for the display of grace. Has made several unsuccessful attempts at frenching, ending in Santee cruises. Discovered means of detecting arsenic poison when dead men breathe on cold plates. Captain, coach and stroke of the mud-diggers (2).



Raymond Perry Rodgers Neilson,

New York, N. Y.

“Nellie.”

“She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.”—POPE.

One Stripe (1) Lucky Bag Committee, Fencing Team (3, 2, 1) Captain (2, 1) Track Team (4) Choir (4, 3) Santee (4, 3) Indiana (4) Minstrels (4.)

One of those self-possessed people who always do the correct thing. Carries her dainty nose at a maddening angle, and is more fond of deshabelle and works of fiction than of exertion and textbooks. One of the original aristocracy who hit the ship Plebe year for wearing fine raiment, and a coadjutor of Billy Bounce. Assisted in heaving the fatal tray over the rail, while Strass was upholding the honor of Pennsylvania. Reports to the office with a mouth full of tooth-powder.



John Henry Newton,

Carbondale, Pa.

"John Henry."

*"Talk not of wasted affection,
Affection never was wasted."*—LONGFELLOW.

Buzzard (1) Class Baseball Team (2) Choir (4) Bluff Chucker
(4, 3, 2, 1).

Bluffed his way through Plebe year and has been chucking it heavily ever since. Looks most intelligent when he knows absolutely nothing about the subject. Every girl he knows is a peach. Took care of "Mike" for two years, then sought variety in Dinah's society. Usually to be found with "Single." They are going to endow something in the near future, so they say.

"Que significa Peruna (una por una)?"



Chester William Nimitz,

Kerrville, Tex.

"Natchew" "Nonnie" "Nim-i-tiz."

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."—WORDSWORTH.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Second Crew (3) Crew (2) Star
(3, 2).

"Tumb-bells take!" Assistant to "Matchew."

Possesses that calm and steady going Dutch way that gets at the bottom of things. "Now see here." Delights in a rough house. One of the cave-dwellers but is determined to be a fusser. Spent two hours at his first hop picking up beads. Conducted a Plebe kindergarten Second Class year. Mixer of famous punches. Still survives after two years of Stewart's rhino and comic opera.





J. H. Newton



Chester W. Hunt



Albert Norris



E. G. Oberlin.

Albert Norris,

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Nora."

*"There is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."*—CHARLES DIBDIN.

Buzzard (1) Indiana (4).

Cadet seaman. Holds the record for trip across the crosstrees. Keeps to himself, and is the only man that will listen to Wadsworth quote poetry without going mad. Special student in languages, and went to every tea party in three years in French. Looks like Puddles from behind. Gives direction to the fo'castle to "Ease down the helm," and tells the quartermaster to "flow the head sheets." Tells you all about how they do it at West Point. Inverted sleeper.



Edgar Garfield Oberlin,

Massillon, O.

"Froggie" "Blinky Bill."

"Mad as a March hare."—SHELTON.

First Sergeant (1) Buzzard (2) Class Football Team (3,1) Hustlers (2) Hockey Team (2) Business Manager Lucky Bag, Chairman Club Committee, Tribunal, Santee (2) Indiana (4).

The business man of the class. Class quack, runs opposition to hospital. Has been engaged in any profession you may mention. Hoed corn in early life, dipped in comic opera, was a professional hobo; is a veteran of the Spanish-American war, an exceedingly proficient structural draughtsman, promoter of all sorts of quick-get-rich schemes. With "Fatty" Hayne and Jacobs he paid an official visit to H. M. S. Crescent, and made away with a lot of British tea.



Joseph Vance Ogan,

McArthur, O.

“Hogan” “Fance.”

“There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.”—BOVEE.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Santee (2).

A sober and industrious man who never says much, but all he says counts. Worked the mechanics probs for every man on his floor. Looks like indigestion, and talks like Popsey. He can't be bluffed, and when he solemnly says, “Now look here, you better git” it's time to find something interesting in the next room.

“Parade Rest!!!”



Henry Atwood Orr,

Owosso, Mich.

“Harry” “Bats” “Brice”

“This fellow is wise enough to play the fool and to do that well.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Hustlers (2) Class Football Team (3, 2, 1) Reel Holder (4) Class Clown (4, 3, 2, 1) Santee (2) Chesapeake (4).

Escaped from the Owosso Insane Asylum and entered the Naval Academy. Believes in free country and free speech. Blessed with a voice like a “busted” siren and fills the air with one continual fire alarm. Went on Youngster leave dressed for the races. Has not yet lost flesh from overstudy, but has more good horse-sense than he is given credit for. Knows more of the topography of the wall than any other man in the class. “Put your hat on straight, March?” “What's your name? I'll tell you mine if you'll tell me yours first.”

“Goo-goo!”





J. Vance Ogan



Henry Atwood Orr.



E. M. Pegg



Capt. Pegg

Elliott Morgan Pegg,

Danville, Pa.

“Pa-e-g” “Peggy” “Pegasus.”

“Every why hath a wherefore.”—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) First conduct grade (4, 3, 2, 1).

W H Y? Believes in edifying conversations. On all subjects has his own ideas and sticks to them most tenaciously. Has no bad habits, but occasionally whiles away an idle hour at whist with “Hank,” “Rat” and “Carlos.” Advocate of the “how-to-grow-tall” system. Can ask more questions than a four-year old. Made an exhaustive study of the direction of the current in Thames river. “Why is a wheat plate.” “Which first lieutenant do you mean—there are three on this ship?” “Which way is the current?” “Have you seen Shoemaker?”



George Cargill Pegram,

Memphis, Tenn.

“Piggy” “Angel-face.”

*“Beautiful in form and figure,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature,
Formed of common clay?”—LONGFELLOW.*

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Baseball Team (4, 3) Captain (2) Indiana (4).

One of the Guveners. A winning person who ought to have been a great success with the fair sex, but was distanced early in the game by Eberle and Austin. Always to be counted on in the festivities, although for some unknown reason he got aboard the street sprinkler (1). Plays ball to the distraction of his feminine friends, who think he is too cute. Would rather pummel the Dago than go to a nav. p. work, until he got pinked in sword play.

“O, there’s that dear little Piggy.”



John Enoch Pond,

Hawaii.

“Eine” “Crazy.”

*“When he was a boy, he played as a boy,
Now that he should be a man he seems unable to put aside boyish things.”*—ANONYMOUS.

Buzzard (1) Santee (3) Fourth Conduct Grade (4, 3, 2, 1).

Part of the foreign element, this time intruding itself as a Kanaka, just an ordinary savage. Gives advice and argues on any thing that presents itself and can put you to sleep unfolding the one, two, three's of California and Honolulu. Vies with the “Boy” in being the last man there—in fact was a leading light in the sunrising set. A devotee of the “vile weed” but never has the “makes.” Practices photography with small success and finds great amusement in toys.

“Boatswain's Mate! Call away the steamer.”



James Morton Poole, III,

Wilmington, Del.

“Puddles” “Poodles” “Morton” “Bre'r Poodle.”

“The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.”—GOLDSMITH.

Buzzard (1) Santee (3) Indiana (4).

A long frail person with a brace like a boat davit, a child-like face lighted up at times with a look of almost human intelligence, Wears non-reg. clothes and outrageous pajamas. When he laughs the world laughs at him, and the game leaves for parts unknown. Sings so charmingly that his hearers are moved to frenzy, and everythings comes his way. If he ever did any work he is a good hand at keeping a secret—and we don't think he is. So generous that he gives himself away the moment he gets in the section room. Lived with Grafton a year and wasn't civilized then.





John E. Pond.



Morton Poole 3rd



Henry Rawls.



Walter E. Reno

Henry Rawle,

Philadelphia, Pa.

“Harry” Billy Bounce” “Rollicking” “Rawley.”

“Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,

* * * * *

*Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.”—MILTON.*

Buzzard (.1) Hustlers (4) Santee (4, 3) Indiana, Chesapeake (4)
Chairman 2.5 Association (4, 3, 2, 1).

Smokes a different pipe every hour. Bones whenever Leary is watching him, and laughs the rest of the time. Raves like a gibbering lunatic at the mention of a mechanics exams. Used to be one of the aristocrats but bravely got over it. Still knows the proper thing and always to be counted on. Gets up aloft and tugs away at a sail until his eyes stick out before he discovers that he is standing on it. Strass’s tutor, and has grown a double chin and two dimples from laughing at him.



Walter Elsworth Reno,

Trenton, Mo.

“Rhino” “Padre” “Father Time,” “Father.”

*“See how the world its veterans rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards.”—POPE.*

Buzzard (1) Santee (2).

A harmless, inoffensive old chap, who can’t stand the strain of more than two drills a week. Has the unusual knack of describing a simple harmonic motion while reciting. Walks in a sine curve. Always ready to “French” and never gets caught. When he puts on that little yellow overcoat you would take him for old “Spit-in-your-ear” of boiler shop fame. Smokes other people’s tobacco. Belongs to the Study Hour Club of United Poker Players.

“Let’s go to the show tonight, Padre”—

“Alright, don’t care if I do—you’ll buy the tickets?”



Edward Small Robinson,

Mercer, Pa.

“Mike” “Mickle” “Gyrene” “Brewster.”

“Men of few words are the best men.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Buzzard (1) Third Crew (3) Captain Class Football Team (1)
Santee (3, 2) Chesapeake (4).

“Mickle was a gyrene soldier boy!” Like the port cat-head, “Mike’s” nose always shows a bright light. Ran an opium joint in annex “C”. Butted into society second class June week with disastrous results. Walks like the parallel motion of a Grasshopper engine. Tells of the wonderful things “Down at m’uncles.” A twin to the Yellow Kid. “Jessie the daughters, and Mickle the dowagers.”



Edmund Spence Root,

Delaware, O.

“Stiffy” “Ned.”

*“What care I when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take life at its very best.”—SHAK.*

One Stripe (1) Buzzard (2) Hustlers (4, 3) Football Team
(2, 1) Second Crew (3) Santee (3) Indiana (4).

Charter member of the Knights of the Downy Couch. Knows where good ale is to be had. Never was known to work except in a shell where he couldn’t get out of it. Patentee of the Improved Root’s blower for furnishing hot air in the section room, also the Pudding Furnace for roasting pigs. Trained dogs for his popular song and dance act, and was the secondary cause of the deluge of liquor that overtook the gyrene. Hero of many an escapade with the ladies, to hear him tell it. Lived with Olaf two years and didn’t go crazy. Fell in love (1) and wrote whole reams of paper “to his sister.”





E.S. Robinson.



C.S. Root



Arthur W. Sears.



Duncan Ingraham Olfridge.

Arthur Wesley Sears,

Jackson, Mich.

“Deacon” “Deak” “Sears.”

“A proper man as one shall see in a Summer’s day.”—SHAK.

First Sergeant (1) Hop Committee, Farewell Ball Committee
(2) Santee (2) German Committee.

“Pearl of the Harem.” Tall, handsome and has a merry laugh. Ex-president and one of the defrauded stockholders of the syndicate. Lily white hands, immaculation personified. Could not stifle his talent for fussing, came strongly to the front second class year. Has a liking for inside tracks and generally gets left. Receives large consignments of fudge, pretty valentines, and letters addressed to “Sweetie Sears.” Hit the ship for paying early New Year’s calls. Had to be turned out of bed to keep a date. A lion with the ladies.

Duncan Ingraham Selfridge,

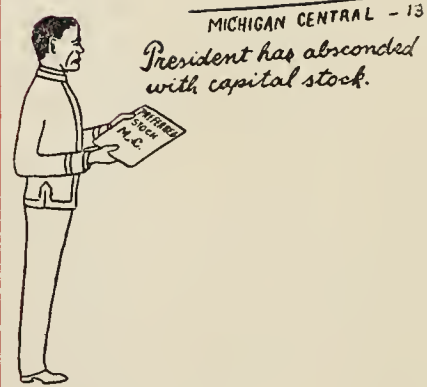
At Large, Washington, D. C.

“Dunc” “Snick” “Admiral Snicklefritz.”

“And in a pipe delighteth.”—HOLIDAY.

First Sergeant (1) Class Banner Committee, Class Supper Committee, Hockey Team (2) Thompson prize (4, 3, 2) Chesapeake (4).

“Yes, sir. Rear Admiral Snicklefritz, Puppenheimer, Spoopendiner, Flabberzast, Selfridge, sir, at large, sir,” and a few others that we cannot mention. That was his name Plebe cruise, but it has gradually contracted to “Snick.” Smokes all the time, and always smokes a pipe. Noted for his sea-going walk and his expedient of throwing overboard the main condenser and close reefing the galley hatch to save the ship. Also he would rather not work. Would run a mile to get out of the way of a woman. “Fixit’s” partner in devising new arrangement of furniture and various devilish mechanical devices.



Charles Harlan Shaw,

Amherst, Mass.

"Shawski."

"Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye."—THOMSON.

One stripe (1) Buzzard (2) Indiana (4) Clean Sleeve (1) Santee (1) Mumps (2).

A fat-faced boy from fair Amherst who came suddenly to the front second class year with a first class buzzard. A cartoonist of unusual talent. Member of Bathroom Vaudeville. "Did he?" "I think he did." "Hoorah for Baffin's Bay." Laziest man in the Academy; too tired to hold his eyes open. Likes to fill the air with barbarous dissonance. Helped administer the water cure to Kid Farwell. Fond of wearing jewelry despite the regulations.



Earl Roof Shipp,

Centerview, Mo.

"Thipp."

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground."—SHAK.

Cadet Chief Petty Officer (1) Buzzard (2) Class Baseball Team (3, 2).

"I don't thee any uthe' o' having' thupper when you're thea thick." Somewhat of a sprinter when it comes to getting up a hatch after meals. Enjoys having a little game with the "during-study-hours-only club." Looks as if he had just choked on an apple core. Let hops severely alone for three years, but finally succumbed to the strain, and is now as hefty as "Pop" with the ladies.





Charles H Shaw



E. R Shipp.



H. E. Stormaker.



J. Morris Dmeallie

Harry Earl Shoemaker,

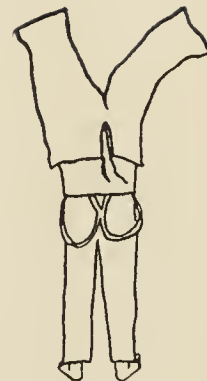
Bluffton, Ind.

“Shoe” “Hay” “Haymaker” “He.”

“Imitation is the sincerest flattery.”—COLTON.

Buzzard (1) Track Team (3) Gym Team (4).

If Swede studies, so does Hay; if Swede turns in, so does Hay; if Swede sings a song, the same song sings Hay. On holidays he turns in immediately after breakfast, and turns out at night. Not used to trains nor to the intricacies of the time tables, so he took a carriage to Odenton. Swears by the Blue Hen. “That’s as good as old wheat in the mill.” “Well, a blind hog will find an acorn once in a while.” Member of the Bathroom Vaudeville. “I’ll roll.”



John Morris Smeallie,

Amsterdam, N. Y.

“Cow” “Bovine” “Cabeza de Vaca” “Buckingham.”

“The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea.” GRAY.

Buzzard (1) Santee (2) Hockey Team (2) Class Football (1).

A modest and gentle cow that never blows his own horn. Somewhat of a contortionist—with his face; by trying hard he can look rhino for a very short time. Has a spoon, little stone, tower, paddle, shell or pebble from every town on the Atlantic coast. Conducted the British Naval officers over the ship on Youngster cruise. Ran from his room to get out of inspection, but left his locker door open and the O. C. ragged the following: Cits, roulette wheel, the makes, non. regs., cards, chafing dish, maple syrup, a Hook’s joint, milk pail, milking stool, a sack of bran and a pump. Goes to a hop once a year.

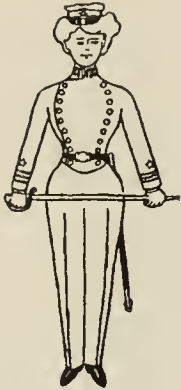


Ray Charles Smith,

Niles, Mich.

“Mildred” “Millie” “Ladysmith.”

“*A simple maid and proper too.*”—FLORODORA.



Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (4, 3, 2) Lucky Bag Committee.

Another of the defrauded stockholders. Rivals Pierpont Morgan as a promoter of syndicates. Walks like the original little Egypt and bones a de Luxe Edition on pink teas and fudge fights. Commander-in-chief of the yard fussers and coaches Goose on etiquette. His conversation “plays on the heart strings of women.” A savoir who turns in at sundown. Has the most wonderful memory in the class, and recites six pages of Gil Blas to the consternation of all hands. Usually in a brown study. “Well, what subject did I give you, Mr. Smith?” “I am coming to that presently, sir.”

Simeon Burke Smith,

Little Rock, Ark.

“Single” “Simeon” “Burke.”

“*I know him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest.*”—SHAKESPEARE.

One Stripe (1) Lucky Bag Committee, Santee (2) Indiana (4).

A man of vivid imagination. One evening saw lights in the armory and signed hop liberty. Thought the matter over on the Santee. One of five unfortunates who had a date with the same girl at the same time one evening. Got lost in the crowd. Started first class year with a hundred demerits. Accidentally got into Furber’s shoes one day, and was lost for several hours. Would be up with the

angels had he been paid in full for all the bum jokes he has sprung during the past three years. Chief delight is tormenting Sal Woodson. Takes care of Newton when latter is in love.





R. C. Smith



D. B. Smith.



W. O. Spears



B. H. Steele

William Oscar Spears,

Jasper, Tenn.

“Billy” “Legs” “Mr. Spares.”

*“Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan.”*—WHITTIER.

Buzzard (1) Class Baseball (3, 2) Hockey Team (2).

A modest and retiring little fellow, the sight of whom recalls the little red schoolhouse back home. Walks like an edition de luxe of Squire and Scrubby Howze, and eats pie until he smiles like one. Fond of a cob pipe and volunteers no conversation, but does not deny that he is shortly to desert the ranks of the bachelors. Indisposed toward exertion, and delivers his little playful jests and quips as solemn and playful as an owl.



Benjamin Harrison Steele,

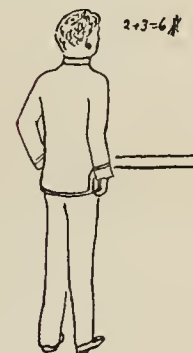
Troy, Kan.

“Benjie” “Dicky” “Bennie.”

“Thou hast the patience and the faith of saints.”—LONGFELLOW.

Buzzard (1) Indiana (4). The curly headed constant of the Night Study Party. Star (?) (4, 3, 2, 1).

Charter member of the Tea Party. Became quite a fusser at Fort Griswold House, New London. Prospered under Tammany rule for two years. Would like to be “touge,” but can’t quite grasp those rough and rowdish ways. Afraid his farm in Kansas will blow away before he graduates, and then it’s all off.



George Vandenburg Stewart

Glen Falls, Pa.

“Jeb” “Box” “Ditty Box” “Square Head.”

“*A man I am crossed with adversity.*”—SHAK.

First Sergeant (1) Track Team (3) Mud-diggers (2) Class Rhino (4, 3, 2, 1,).

An accomplished singer, Prima donna and the best comedian of the Bath Room Vaudeville. Can reproduce Dago and Corbesier with a perfect Columbia record accent. Impersonator of Wheelsey. The girls he falls in love with immediately become engaged—to some other fellow. Has a unique way of curing his ever present cold. (Indorsed by Matchew). He is a scientific when it is a talking dutch. “Yumped for a job on the flying yib.” A friend of Plug’s. Has a head like a composite photograph of a ditty-box. In love with Natchew. Believes in doing his duty.



Arthur Curtis Stott,

Stottsville, N. Y.

“Peaceful” “Stout” “Bill” “Stottski.”

“*Sighed and looked and sighed again, etc.*”—DRYDEN.

Two Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Lucky Bag Committee, Ring Committee, Tribunal, Crew (4).

President of the syndicate, absconded with the capital stock. Has a lead of two laps in the race for Class Banner. Took bow and beam bearings on Lover’s Lane, second class year. Put waste paper in his pipe and threw his tobacco on the floor. One of the Seven Sleepers and an advocate of the “full dinner pail.” A great horseman. Brought his girls to Youngster hops in “column of masses” and deployed as skirmishers on nearing the Armory. Quiet and peaceful, never losses his temper. A steam expert.

“He cannot check his girlish blush
His color comes and goes.”





George V. Stewart



Arthur C. Stott Jr.



Raepa Beaver Strassburger



John L. Sumpter

Ralph Beaver Strassburger,

Norristown, Pa.

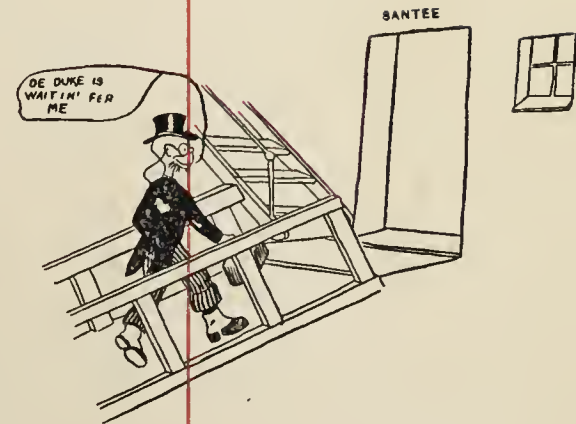
“Strass” “Dutch” “Dutchberger” “Strauss.”

*“I am one
Whom the vile blows and buffets of this world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless
What I do to spite the world.” —SHAK.*

Buzzard (1) Hop Committee (2, 1) Football Team
(4, 3, 2, 1) Baseball Team (3) Class Baseball Team (2)
Choir (4) Santee (4, 3, 2) Indiana (4).

A most unfortunate person, who is going to put in a statement. Rivals Blasdel in his ability to get into trouble, and is said to hold a homestead title to the Santee. Bosom-friend of the Van Astorbilts and the Rockegoulds. Never owned anything because it was too much trouble to stow it in his locker.

“I will uphold the honor of Pennsylvania,
I will! I will! !”



John Cullin Sumpter,

Bowling Green, Ky.

“Sump” “Skump” “Lot.”

*“Like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.” —SHAK.*

Buzzard (1) Santee (Youngster Leave).

Always has a few feeble remarks that he would like to have you listen to, and talks like the Deadwood Dick Series. Tells more villanous yarns in a minute than Munchausen could evolve in a lifetime. Kept Cully from bilging (Cully 2.50, Sump 2.51). A hoodoo to go sailing with as he always has to row back. “Let someone out on the end of that jib boom that won’t get sea sick.” Likes to shade his steam sketches. Ever has the interest of his class at heart and is a great ladies’ man(?).



Earnest Arthur Swanson,

Mason City, Ia.

“Swede” “Swinson” “Swans” “Hans” “Gunner’s Mate.”

*“Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.”—SHAK.*



Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (2) Club Committee.

A tow head with a beautiful blush. Will always take the other side of any question and argue so long as breath lasts, but draws the line at Marston. Has a far-away expression between his knees. Gets up at reveille to play his mandolin. Member of the Bathroom Vaudeville. “By dad gents, she was a brick.” “Sir, I’ll have you to understand that I wear sox!” “Que es Eowa, eess eet that eet ess one of ze Stats?” “I demand to know her name.” His “Podunk” college is the “champeens” of the state.” Part of the Foreign Element.

John Calvin Sweeney, Jr.,

Paris, Tenn.

“Sunshine” “Swiney.”

“My face is my fortune, sir, she said.”—MOTHER GOOSE.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Star (2) Track Team (3) Captain (2) Gym Team (4, 3) Indiana (4).

Habitually wears the expression of a well-fed chessy cat. A friend of Matchew. Beats anything in the class for working up a very intimate friendship in a very short time, especially with officers and chorus girls. Always happy and well pleased with himself. When a Plebe, the Commandant threatened to put him over his knee and spank him. At track meets all the ladies ask “which is Mister Sweeney?” “Done got his name in the Sunday Sun.”





Ed Sumner



J. S. Murray



R. W. Townsend.



A. S. Wadsworth Jr.

Lloyd Woolsey Townsend,

Atlantic City, N. J.

“Babe.”

*“Why, man, he doth bestride this narrow world
Like a Colossus.”*—SHAK.

Buzzard (1) Hustlers (4) Track Team (4, 2) Manager Track and Fencing Team (2, 1) Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).

The man with the grip of iron. Fresh faced as a chorister and effusive as a maiden. A devotee of barbershop harmony and clog dance rhythm. Likes to get out and swat somebody with a broadsword like they do in the popular representation of “Rupert of Hentzau.” Swells up his chest and looks down on lesser men with an “Away-slight-man!” expression. Always goes stag to the hops.



Alexander Scammel Wadsworth,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

“Derby” “Scammel.”

*“The deeds of long descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours.”*—DRYDEN.

Buzzard (1) Santee (2).

The hero of the boiler explosion. Bones all the time (but never bones text-books), talks French with the true North Caliny accent, and quotes high sounding phrases for the delectation of Norris. Can give his family tree from Chim Panzie or some such Mythological character of forgotten aeons. His firm swinging stride and classic locks generally place him in the front rank—of the awkward squad. Had to be quarantined on account of his catching laugh.



Kenneth Whiting,

Larchmont, N. Y.

“Ken” “Vitings” “Ting” “Hero.”

*“He was a man, take him all in all
I shall not look upon his like again.”—SHAK.*

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Football Team (4, 3, 2, 1) Boxing
Championship (2) Tribunal, Hustlers (5) Track (3) Hockey Team
(2) Santee (3) Chesapeake, Indiana (4) President Athletic Associ-
ation (2, 1) Presentation sword (2) Swimming Championship
(4, 3, 2).

“When shall such hero live again?” Can study for hours at
a time and never know what he has been reading. Has the most
charming smile you can imagine, and uses it to great advantage in
the Spanish department. Able, fearless and modest as a maiden.
One of Matchew Strohm’s right bowers. Handles a cat-boat to
perfection and smokes “Bull.” Fond of night seances and repre-
sents New York in the Guvenurs. Twitch your finger at him and
he is as easily conquered as a shaven Samson. “Bring a bucket of
medals for Vitings.”

James Sterrett Woods,

Lewistown, Pa.

“Monk” “Brush.”

*“This is the sorrowful story
Told as the day-light fails,
And the monkeys walk together,
Holding each others’ tails.”—KIPLING.*

Buzzard (1) Class Baseball Team (3) Second Baseball Team (2)
Indiana (4.)

A young, inexperienced youth who gave up a quiet student life
at Princeton to become a “militare.” A well understood
exponent of the Darwinian theory. Beldini’s constant quantity
worked out by formula “Q.” Ought to be a millionaire, judging
from his speculations in gold bricks. One of the “hits” up the
coast. With B. Gulps, originated the famous Monktown band at
Halifax, Plebe cruise. Once had a 2.5 in French. Always talking
about the pretty girls at home.





K. Whiting



J. S. Hoods.



J. W. Wilson



W. B. Woodson

John Walter Wilcox,

Macon, Ga.

“Billie” “Bill Pecker.”

“Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly and courageous.”—LONGFELLOW.

Three Stripes (1) Buzzard (2) Secretary of Athletic Association (2) Chairman Farewell Ball Committee (2) Hop Committee (3, 2, 1) Class Crest Committee, Class Baseball Team (2) Captain (3) Second Baseball Team (4) Hustlers (4, 3) Football Team (2, 1) Lightweight Wrestling (2) Gym Team (4) Rifle Team (2) Santee (2) Indiana (4) Tribunal.

Cheerful as a summer's day and is successful in everything except the Math. Department; especially the ladies who can not withstand his modesty, grace and his expert skating. Special champion of the Junior social set. So polite that he will laugh obligingly even at Tommy's bum jokes. Beloved alike by both young and old and can make a chaperon think he is a theological student in a ten-minute sitting. “I'll break your face if you call me a ladies' man!”

Walter Brown Woodson,

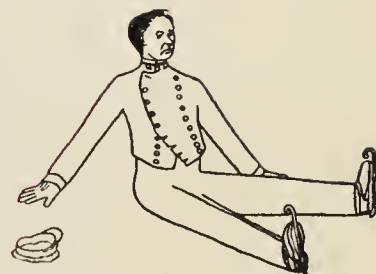
Lynchburg, Va.

“Sal” “Starvation” “Integral” “Secretary Long” “Long Tom.”

“Thou art as long and lank and lean
As are the rock ribbed sands.”—COLERIDGE.

One Stripe (1) Class Baseball Team (3, 2) Chewed tobacco (4, 3) Smoked (2, 1).

A symmetrical, animated splinter who has more hair on his face than on his head. Made a date with a girl and slept through it. Lost his job. Was often seen standing in the shade of the topsail sheets or coiled down around the mainmast on the cruise. Is reported to be following closely in Stott's footsteps. “And that little red car went round and round.” “No checkee, no shirtee.”
B. W. G. No. 20.





Also Rans.

£2

BASSETT, GEORGE WASHINGTON, JR.

"Deeds, not words."—Bruter.

PALATKA, FLA.

BONVILLIAN, CLAUDE ALBERT,

"Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay."—Cooper.

HOUMA, LA.

BOOTH, WILLIAM HARRIS,

"There are no birds in last year's nest."—Longfellow.

P. O. GROVE, VA.

BROOKS, JERE HUTCHINS,

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."—Watts.

DETROIT, MICH.

BROOKS, OVERTON,

"I was born to other things."—Tennyson.

PADUCAH, KY.

- BURNETT, WILLIAM LE GRAND, GEORGETOWN, GA.
 "A rolling stone gathers no moss."—Heywood.
- CAIN, ROSS RICHARD, NEWMAN GROVE, NEB.
 "Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 acquire too high a fame."—Shakespeare.
- COVENEY, WAYNE JOSEPH, MARDIN, PA.
 "Night after night
 He sat and bleared his eyes with books."—Longfellow.
- CROSBY, WALTER BALDWIN, WILLMAR, MINN.
 "The lion is not so fierce as painted."—Fuller.
- DEWAR, ROGER ALEXANDER, NELSON, GA.
 "Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime
 For O! it is not always May."—Longfellow.
- FULLER, HENRY GRAFTON, ST. JOHNSBURG, VT.
 "How hard so e'er it be to bridle wit,
 Yet memory oft no less requires the bit."—Stillingfleet.
- GODLEY, FRANK BENJAMIN, DALLAS, TEX.
 "And, when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place."—Gay.
- GOLDMAN, JEFFERSON BRISCOE, GOLDMAN, LA.
 "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am,
 therewith to be content."—New Testament.
- GRACE, CLARENCE, WEST SUPERIOR, WIS.
 "Sincerity has such resistless charms,
 She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms."—Stillingfleet.
- GREEN, THOMAS JACKSON, MISS.
 "I am a man
 More sinned against than sinning."—Shakespeare.
- HEILMAN, EARL CLINTON, GUTHRIE, OKLA.
 "Exceptions prove the rule."—Anon.
- HOTTINGER, ERWIN STAUER, CHICAGO, ILL.
 "As we advance we learn the limits of our abilities."—Fronde.

- JACK, RALPH CURTIS, APOLLO, PA.
 "Hail fellow, well met."—Lyly.
- JACOBS, WALTER FREDERICK, KILLINGLY, CONN.
 "Are ye all gone,
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind you?"—Shakespeare.
- LANGENHEIM, FREDERICK ELLWOOD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
 "It required a surgical operation to get a joke well
 into a Scotch understanding."—Smith.
- MURPHY, CHARLES FRANCIS, NEW YORK CITY.
 "Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please!"—Dryden.
- NAGLE, PERCIVAL EDMUND DARRAGH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 "Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk
 To have my place reserved among the rest."—Longfellow.
- NEWCOMER, ROBERT HITT, MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.
 "Perhaps he hath great, great projects in his mind,
 To build a college or to found a race."—Byron.
- REES, ALBERT SHAFNER, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.
 "Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
 So much the better, you may laugh the more."—Pope.
- SMITH, HOMER GANDOLFO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 "A happy sort, that all the way
 To heaven hath a summer's day."—Crabshaw.
- STAFFORD, DONALD BERNARD, ALEXANDRIA, LA.
 "Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered
 Shall never find it more."—Shakespeare.
- STAPLER, JOHN TAYLOR GAUSE, NEW YORK CITY.
 "Unwearied soul in doing courtesies."—Shakespeare.
- STANTON, CORNELIUS NATHAN, CENTERVILLE, IA.
 "Most musical, and solemn, bringing back
 the olden times."—Longfellow.
- TURNER, HERMAN SMITH, NANTICOKE, MD.
 "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."—Moore.

- WILLIAMS, JOSEPH RALPH, PATERSON, N. J.
 "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."—Shakespeare.
- WILLIAMS, RUSSELL BRYSON, LOUISIANA. MO.
 "Pains of love be sweeter far
 Than all other pleasures are."—Dryden.
- WOODWORTH, EDWIN BURKE, CUERO, TEX.
 "'Tis fine to have a giant's strength."—Pope.
- WORRALL, JAMES CLARK, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
 "A little curly headed good for nothing,
 And mischief making monkey from his birth."—Byron.
- WUNDERLY, LUKE STOWE, HURON, O.
 "Sober as a judge."—Fielding.





HISTORY OF 1905

The History of 1905



IN SETTING forth the deeds that go to make up the chronicle of 1905, we naturally feel some delicacy. For we are modest men all, and are loath to sing our own praise. Wherefore be it known that we are much greater than we give ourselves the credit for, both in thought and action. The story of our existence is a tale of transition, wherein the old has passed away and all things are made new. It is a history of peace and strife, light and shadow—the last class to enter with a cruise, last to pass a full year under the patriarchal system of “hazing,” the first to stop “gouging” and the first of the new big classes.

In the beginning of the summer of 1901, when this chronicle begins, sixteen of the seventy-two previously gathered in went aboard the “Chesapeake” and the remainder on the “Indiana” for a Plebe Cruise, of which you may read elsewhere in the volume. And returning we found the rest of ourselves, henceforth ourself, and together toiled through “Plebe Sept.,” drilled in the old Armory under Prof. Corbesier, rowed races in from the light house in cutters, learned to “tumpells take” from Mattie Strohm, tied knots for Williams and A. W., and lived in the house that Dodge built.

Plebe Year was like everyone else’s Plebe Year used to be,—lots of exercise, lots of bilging, lots of rhinoing, and lots of fun. At least so we remember it. We became acquainted with ourselves and began to be proud of being so big, and of having so many representatives in athletics. The little celebrations in the Annex frequently attracted considerable attention and the Hotel Santee entertained a number of guests.

The semi-anns took about one-sixth of us out of the service, some of whom returned in the next class, and left the rest feeling like veterans and too savez to work very hard. Crew, track and baseball, to say nothing of the minstrels, likewise called upon us to come out and play, and so far as we could, we went.

At last the year was over, the longest year of all the four gave place to Youngster Cruise, which in turn brought us to Youngster Leave. Oh, incomparable September! the first, best, but shortest month in the calendar of the midshipman.

Upon our return to the Academy we found that a larger class than ours had entered and we entered upon the task of disciplining them dutifully. Alas! we could not know how the laws of an unappreciative Congress would work together for our undoing. But before the approaching catastrophe had fallen, the corner stone of our progress was laid when, voluntarily but decisively we put an end to the practice of “gouging.” From the death blow it received at our hands the unbeautiful art has never since revived.

Hard upon this however came the unfortunate crisis upon which the Irishman brought us with his left fist. At that blow the whole structure of “hazing” came tumbling down upon our

devoted heads. There was a stormy scene in the reading room in the February of 1903, and after it we went to our rooms for further orders. Cut off and falling from our high estate we saved ourselves by one of Kuropatkin's masterly retreats.

So was struck the first blow at a system grey with age, the one that offered the only solution to the problem of disciplining the enormous classes that are entering now into the service of Uncle Sam. This was one of the shadows, but not so dark as it might have been, as it passed without losing us a single man.

Then passing through another cruise, another leave and returning to the Academy in the dignity of second classmen, we found ourselves part of a new brigade organization. Some of us had "buzzards" roosting on our arms, but these are scary birds, and more than one flapped its wings



and flew away to a more peaceful resting place. Mechanics and Skinny and Steam encompassed us round about likewise. Their attacks cost us seven men on the semi-anns and another at the end of the year—poor buffeted Skipper.

Rooming by companies began to wipe out the clearly drawn class lines, and scattered us until, after the class of 1904 left us in February, the determined effort to brace things up brought us together again.

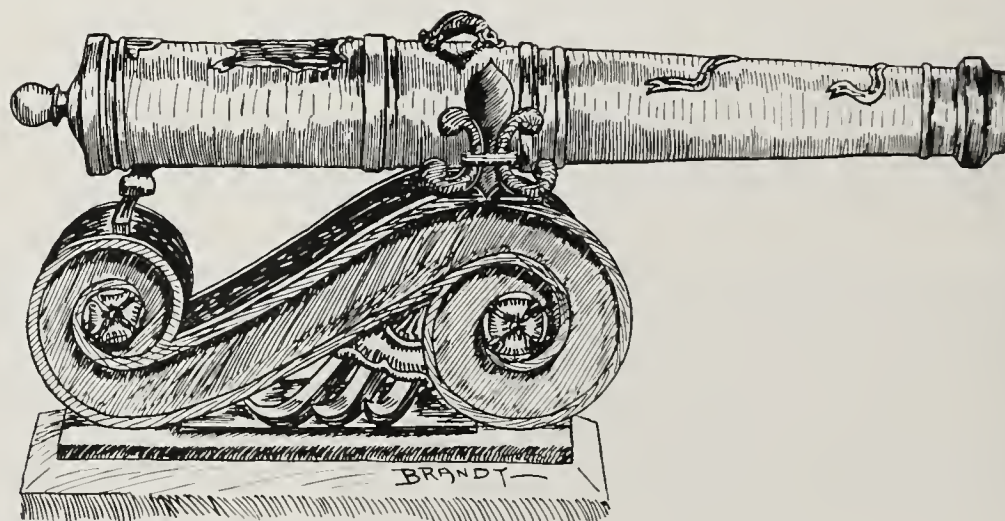
At this point first class year really began. All first class privileges were ours, and there was but one more year left in the Academy. Changing details of cadet officers gave each man his little say. Then it was that we first tasted the pleasure of seniority, and the Academy was never so beautiful as then. Behind the fortifications of good margin we could smile at the blustering exams, for encompassed round with a 3.5 for the year, roaring of the annuals are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

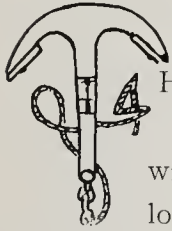
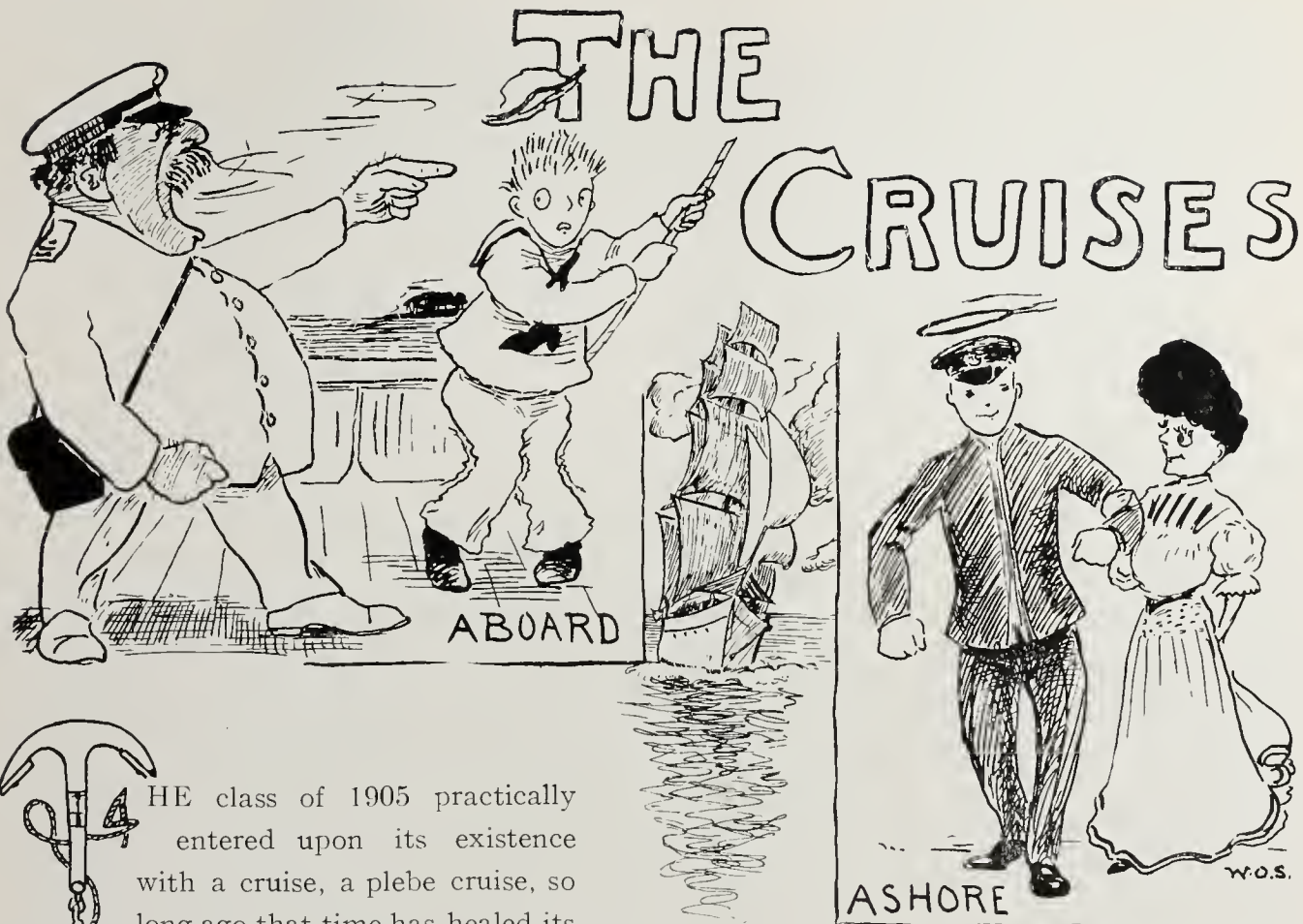
So with the greater part of the course behind us, and our dignity well settled down upon our shoulders we sailed away upon First Class Cruise amid the weeping of maidens and gnashing of teeth on the part of our creditors. About the cruise we will tell you elsewhere, but about First

Class Leave we are silent. You may notice that some rings are missing and that some eyes have a faraway look after the mail has been passed around—but one cannot judge from that.

Now First Class Year is upon us and speeding fast away. Half of us have taken apartments in Bancroft Hall and the rest still cling to the old buildings; thus we straddle the old and the new. Stripes and decorations are assumed and put away as of yore and the Santee still receives us. There are books to be boned and duties now familiar with age to be performed for yet a little while and then no more. For soon, with the burial of our ancient enemies Math and Skinny the last of our potent adversaries will have been given over into our hands.

If it may be said that the Academy we leave is better and stronger than the Academy we found, and that we have helped to make it so, we rest content. For our part we know that “auld acquaintance shall ne’er be forgot, and days of auld lang syne.”

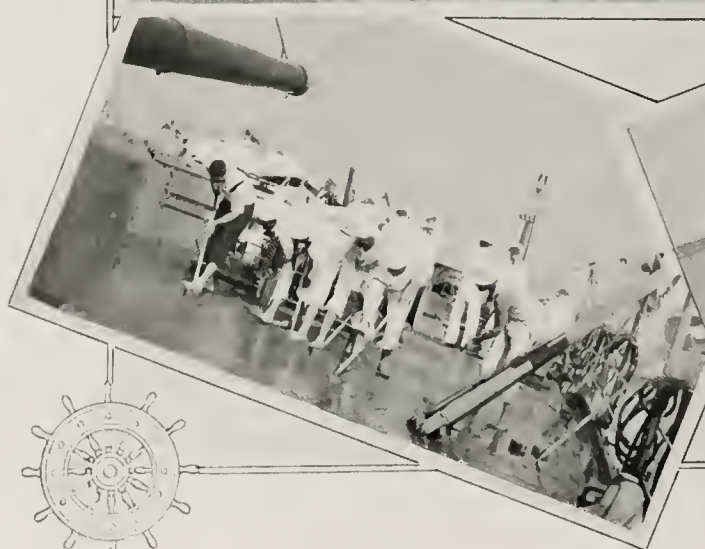


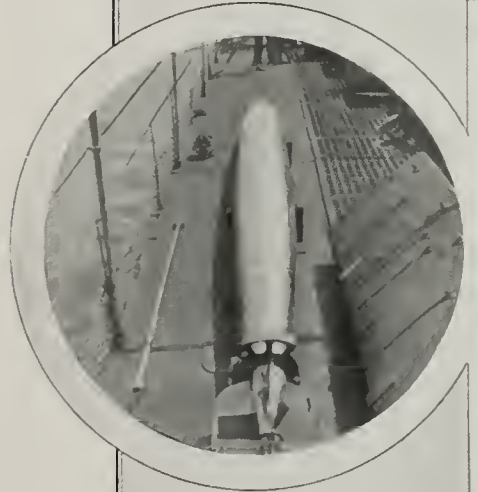
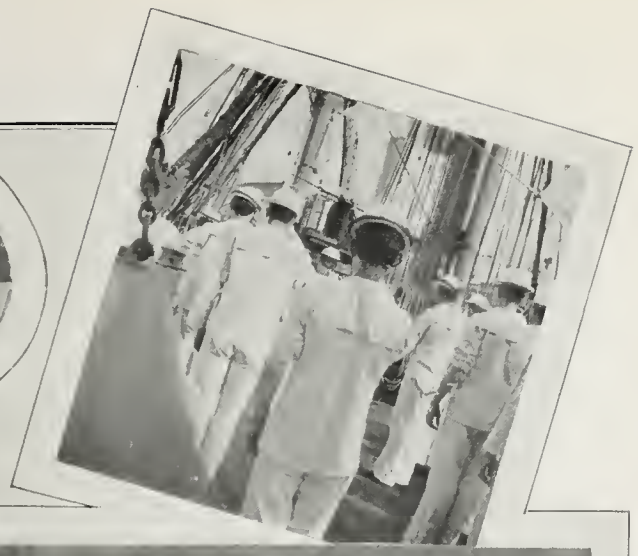


THE class of 1905 practically entered upon its existence with a cruise, a plebe cruise, so long ago that time has healed its

wounds, and has left us for the most part pleasant recollections. On June 8, 1901 sixteen fine-looking young specimens of American youth marched on board the U. S. S. Chesapeake (affectionately known as Cheese-box) and took possession, at the humble solicitation of the Captain, of the luxurious quarters set apart for them abreast the galley, stowed their rich apparel in the lockers, lashed their hammocks with a round turn and a couple of half hitches and ventured forth upon the deep.

The remarkable adaptability of these eminent gentlemen in the new working clothes and the jaunty hats was soon recognized, and by common consent of the other three classes aboard, all the watches except those of Officer-of-the-Deck and Forecastle were turned over to them. If any work was to be done, the royals furlled, the hold broken out, the gear laid down, or the reel held, they did it, cheerfully and not without comment on the part of the jealous upperclassmen. In short, they seemed to be indispensable, and the good Captain to show his appreciation awarded them liberty from 5.30 to 6 p. m. twice a week in port.





Let it not be thought however that they were puffed up with pride. Far be it from them, or us, to give thanks like the Pharisee because we were not as those upperclassmen. But those were the good old days of yore when a plebe was taken gently by the ear and led along the paths of usefulness. Alas! now all is changed. The other fifty-six charter members of the class of 1905 sailed upon the good ship Indiana. In the intervals between the beratings of the First Luff and recitations, they were instructed in the arts of physical culture and vocali-



zation, and the care of awnings. After the usual round of New England ports they stood away for Halifax, and then returned to Annapolis to meet the rest of the new class.

Youngster cruise was much the same as Plebe cruise, with the important difference that we were no longer plebe, although we were "non ratey" class on board. The Chesapeake and Indiana were up again and we saw the same old New England towns, and again visited Halifax. There we found a great celebration in honor of the new King Edward and us, so we straightway fell to doing as the Halifaxians did, and also celebrated. Moreover half of the cruise was under the command of the Commandant, Commander C. E. Colohan, whose memory we love to cherish.

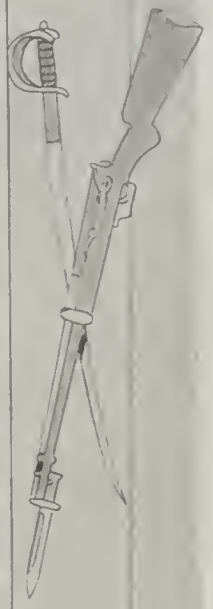
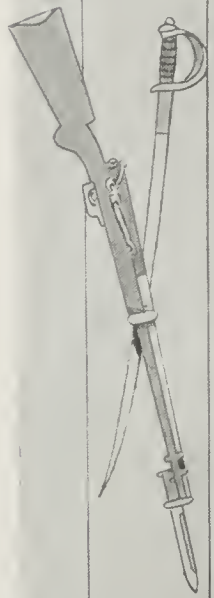
After leaving Halifax there was a quick run down to the Capes, a short stay at Newport News and then the Indiana passed the Chesapeake and sent her quota on leave a week early. Think of it! an extra week for half of us on Youngster leave.



Now all the Fourth Class and Mess Attendants, Man the Ash Whip!

Second Class cruise began the breaking up. Three ships were used, the Hartford, Chesapeake and Indiana, and the divisional plan was adopted. The Hartford, Indiana and Texas (flag ship) remained in squadron while the Ches-





peake sailed independently under Commander Halsey, to whom we owe thanks for a most pleasant and profitable cruise.

After the customary cruising in Chesapeake and Gardiner's Bays we put into New London and made the first shift. Then the squadron sailed for Boston to participate in the unveiling of the Hooker Monument. This unveiling process we had to take on faith, as we could never see through the fog as far as the dock. A great parade was had, however, and the monument was said to be unveiled. We believed it and sailed away for Bar Harbor and the Pottle-Kittle Club.



At Bar Harbor the fussers got in their choicest work. Dryness in the state of Maine did not trouble them for the hospitable fair ones kept them on the run till the stern duties of joint manoeuvres called them away from dreamy waltz and shadowy corner to do mock battle upon the sea. Meanwhile the Chesapeake had weathered a gale and had come

in, enabling us to make the second transfer. The enemy was soon destroyed, and we sailed back to Annapolis, and went on our second leave.

On this cruise we got our first experience on board the torpedo boats. The first flotilla took details of first and second classmen, and for the first time part of a midshipman's practice cruise included work on these fleet and interesting craft.

Following the scattering process of second class cruise and second class year at the Academy came first class cruise, a patch-work of rather varied formation. Thirteen vessels were employed to carry the brigade,—the battleships Texas and Massachusetts; monitors Arkansas, Florida and Nevada, all of which acted in squadron, the second torpedo flotilla, consisting of the Whipple, Hopkins, Hull, Worden, Truxtun, Lawrence and Macdonough; and the Chesapeake and Hartford, wind-jammers, sailing independently. On them the brigade was distributed as far as possible by divisions.

To attempt any description of this cruise would be next to impossible. Every ship's quota has a different tale to tell of this, the last of our four cruises. Each quota has its own grievances and its own boasts, but all will agree that it was the best of all in being the last. The cruise, if it may





be called a cruise, consisted principally in lying off the Pequot House. Blue water was sighted twice. whereupon all hands straight way fell sick. To be sure, some of the ships went to Boston, and there were the torpedo boats and Fort Pond Bay Expedition.

The most memorable part of all was the trip up the Potomac, when all the first class was concentrated on the monitors, and went up to Washington to the gunshops. That was good fun, and was the last time so many of us will sail together, so we made merry for the few short days that preceded first class leave, singing and smoking and swapping the gossip, about all night on deck, and unfortunate card games, and midnight indigestion; until at last we disembarked at the Santee dock for the last time from a practice cruise.

So ends the summary of our cruises, whose beginning and whose end were hailed with glee. The sea upon which a great part of our lives will be spent has taught us many things. Not everything, as the Seamanship Department will admit, but a great deal. In return for which we have given a great many dinners and some suppers.

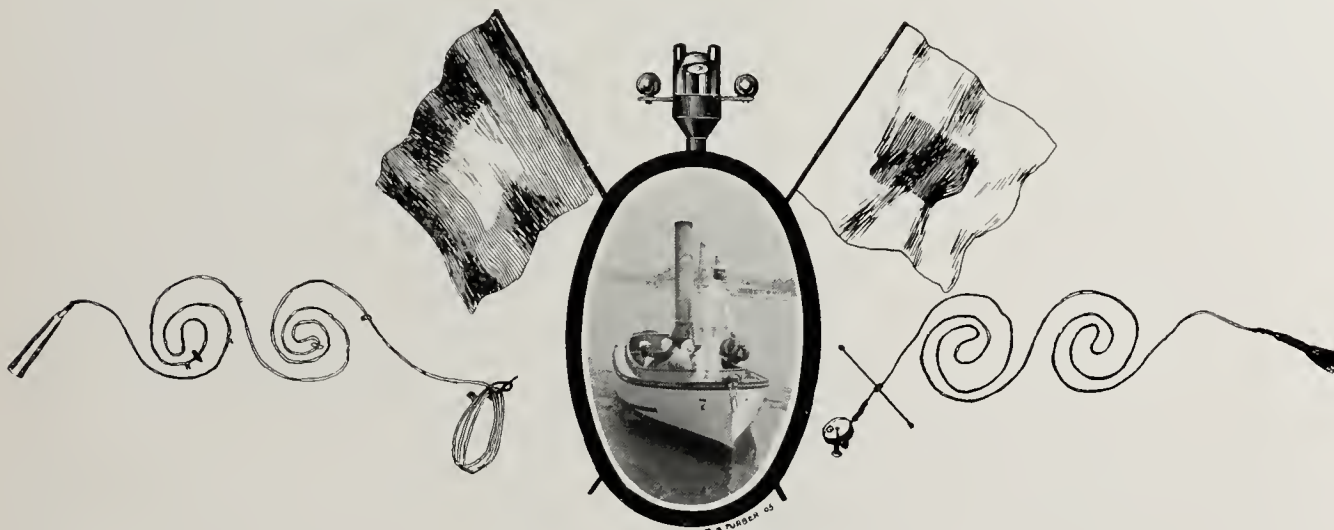
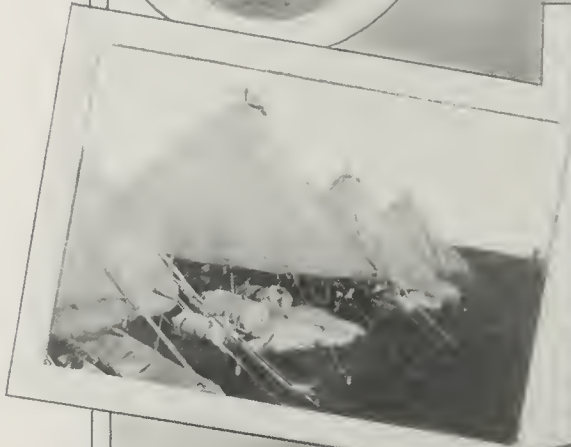
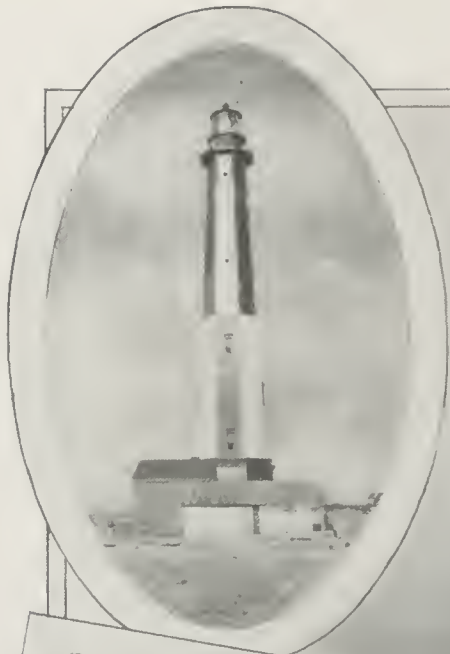
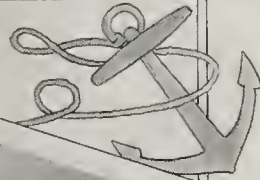
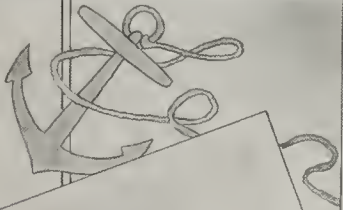
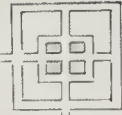
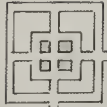
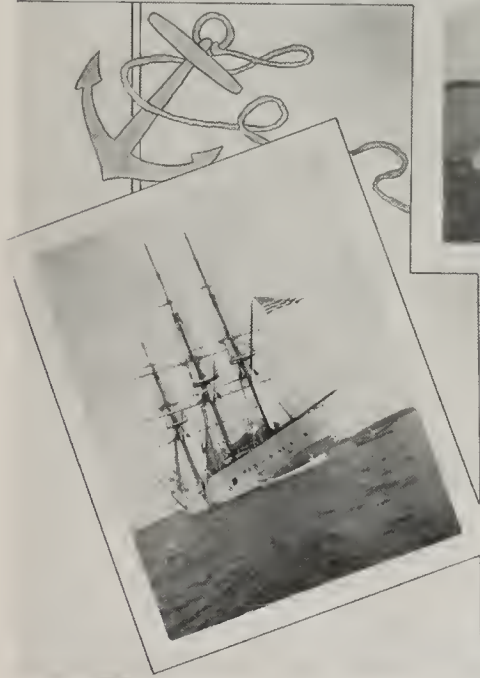
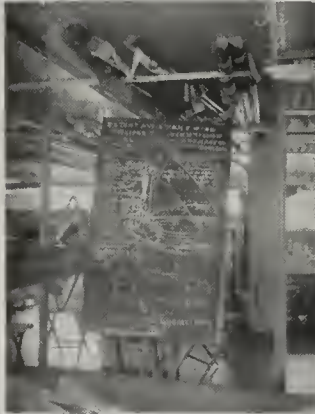
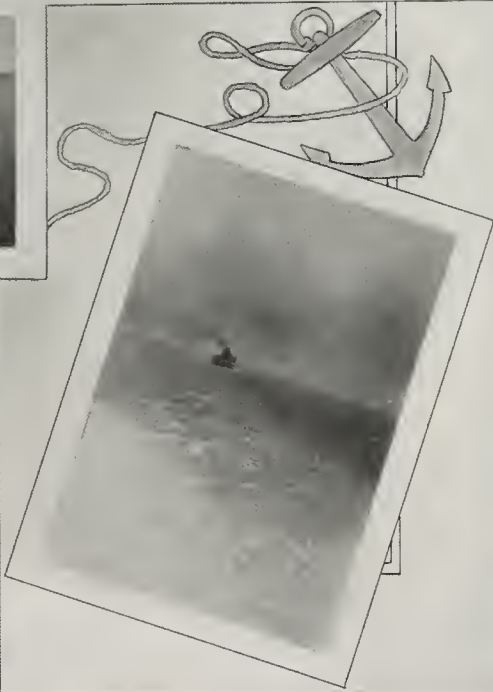


PHOTO BY MRS. C. R. MILLER.





Dedicated to the Class of 1905, U. S. Naval Academy.

NEPTUNE MARCH AND TWO-STEP.

CHAS. A. ZIMMERMAN, Band Master U. S. Naval Academy.

Intro.

MARCH.

mf

1 2

TRIO.

p *dolce.*

The musical score is written for piano and grand staff. It begins with an 'Intro.' section. The main section is labeled 'MARCH.' and starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The score includes several systems of music, with first and second endings marked '1' and '2'. The final section is labeled 'TRIO.' and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a 'dolce.' marking. The score is composed of piano accompaniment and grand staff notation.

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NEPTUNE MARCH AND TWO-STEP.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The music consists of a series of chords and melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece with similar chordal and melodic structures.

Third system of musical notation, including a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the bass clef.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the bass clef.

Fifth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings of *cres.*, *ffz*, and *mf*.

Sixth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings of *cres*, *cen*, and *do.*

Seventh system of musical notation, including dynamic markings of *ffz* and *mf*.

Eighth system of musical notation, including dynamic markings of *cres*, *cen*, and *do.*

Ninth system of musical notation, concluding the piece with a final chord and a page number *871* at the bottom right.

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U.S.



1845



1905

N.A.

The United States Naval Academy.

The Beginning.

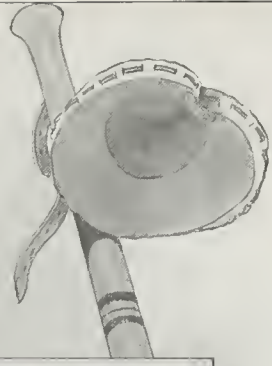
On August 15, 1845, Fort Severn, a small army post on the outskirts of Annapolis, Maryland, was ceded by the War Department to the Navy. It was an unimportant post, and at the time of its acquisition by the Navy Department the buildings surrounding the Fort were, through neglect, in a very dilapidated condition. Under the direct supervision of the energetic Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, these buildings were soon put in as good condition as possible, and a few temporary structures erected. Here, on October 10, 1845, was established the United States Naval Academy with Commodore Buchanan as its first Superintendent.

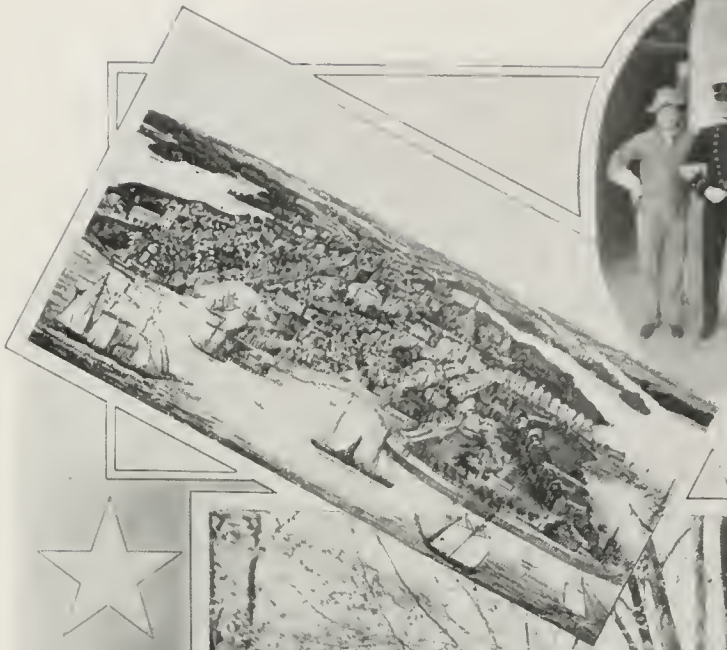
Of the few buildings and sheds within the wall surrounding the post, the best was the former Army Commandant's house. This was made the Superintendent's quarters; and though erected more than a hundred years before, it remained in use till 1883. Adjacent to it was a row of buildings to which was given the name of Buchanan Row. These houses were assigned to the various officers attached to the Academy until 1898, when they were used to quarter Admiral Cervera and the other Spanish officers captured at Santiago. The Midshipmen were at first quartered in several ramshackle buildings scattered about the yard; but the next year Stribling Row was erected and became the abode of the Midshipmen.

Early Conditions.

During the first years of the Academy, discipline was comparatively lax. The Midshipmen, when studies were over, were free to do as they pleased—regular drills not having been introduced as yet. Since athletics in the modern sense of the word were unknown at that time, they spent much of their time in the various places of amusement in Annapolis, where they were permitted to go in the afternoons. Midnight carousals and wild larks were of frequent occurrence. The Midshipmen were constantly at variance with the officers, and the practical jokes that they perpetrated upon their instructors did not tend to produce much good feeling between them. But among themselves, dissensions were few and hazing unknown.

This condition of affairs continued until 1853, when Commodore Goldsborough succeeded Commodore Stribling as Superintendent. During his administration discipline became stricter, reg-





ular drills were established, the curriculum extended both in scope and character, and the Academy in place of conforming to the pleasure of the Midshipmen began to cause the Midshipmen to conform to its regulations. New buildings were added from time to time, and the grounds enlarged and improved. In 1849, the Seamanship Building was erected on the banks of the Severn near the old Fort; and the following years of Commodore Goldsborough's administration the Chapel, Observatory and Recitation Hall were added. Later, just before the war, Blake Row was built.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, the Midshipmen, much reduced in numbers by the loss of their Southern classmates, were embarked on the old Constitution, and the Academy was transferred to Newport, R. I., first to Fort Adams, and later to the Atlantic Hotel. It was during this period that the frigate Santee, a "political ship," which had been built piecemeal by the friends of the party in power during the previous thirty five years, was added to the practice ships of the Academy. The four years sojourn in Newport was marked by no important changes in the Academic organization.

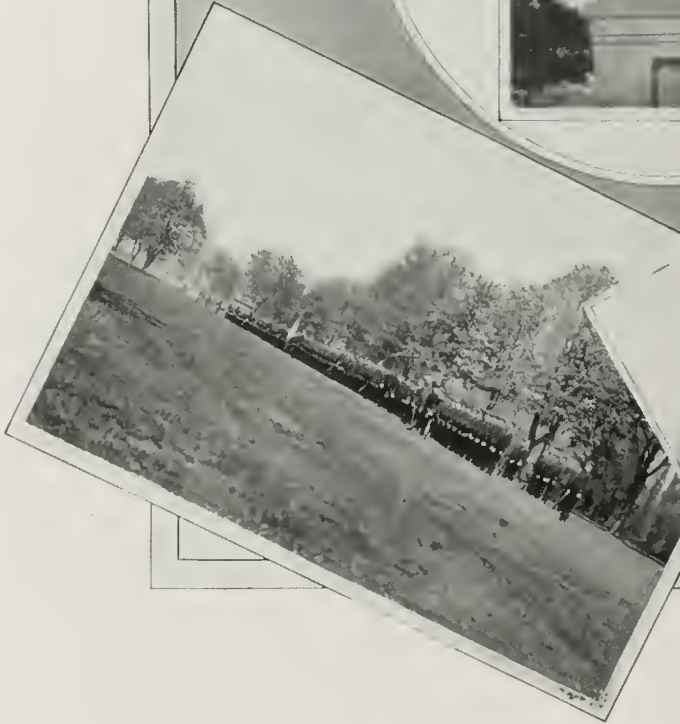
Reorganization of the Academy.

In the summer of 1865, the Constitution and Santee brought the Midshipmen back to Annapolis; and the Old Academy, which during the war had been used as a hospital, was re-established. Rear Admiral Porter now assumed control of affairs, and things were completely reorganized. The discipline, though more rigid than ever before, was not so disagreeable; company organization was introduced in place of gun crews; athletics were not only countenanced but even favored; drills were made more showy and dress parades introduced; the various departments were enlarged and the course in Marine Engineering established; the Santee was converted into a gunnery ship, and a fully equipped gymnasium constructed on the barbette of Fort Severn.

During Admiral Porter's term, the Academy was considerably enlarged. The introduction of Steam Engineering necessitated the erection of the Steam building, which was finished in 1866. That same year, the old Colonial Mansion, for years the residence of Maryland's Governors, together with the surrounding land was added to the Academy; and the next spring, Strawberry Hill was purchased from Saint John's College. The increased number of Midshipmen filled Stribling Row to overflowing, and finally in 1869, the Main Quarters were erected, a four story brick building which is still in use.

Later History.

The progress and development of the Academy from then till the beginning of the Twentieth century was that of a growing college. It had its ups and downs. Troubles came from time to time, chief among which was that of hazing. But for the most part, the tendencies were toward steady growth and improvement.



The impulse of the Spanish War was felt in the Academy as well as in the other branches of the Service. The demand for more officers required more Midshipmen, and it was soon seen that the Academy in its condition then would, in a short time, be entirely inadequate to handle the large classes, which were of necessity to enter in the near future. The Navy Department had for sometime been agitating the rebuilding of the Academy, and now this became imperative. Finally in 1898 and 1899, Congress appropriated funds for the erection of the New Academy, which was soon started.

The Conditions at the Entrance of the Class of 1905.

When our class entered the Academy during the summer of 1901, the old Academy was beginning to yield to the new, but it had not as yet lost its characteristics of appearance or customs. Of the old buildings, the Superintendent's House, Buchanan Row and a portion of Stribling Row had been torn down to make room for the New Armory, Quarters and Seamanship Building. The walls of the Armory were about half completed, while the foundations of the others were just being laid.

As one entered the Academy through the Main Gate, Maryland Avenue lay before one, leading down to old Phlox Wharf on the bank of the Severn. To the right lay the Campus, formerly an unbroken stretch of shady greensward from the Avenue to the Bay; but at that time the lower half was enclosed by contractors' fences. On one side of the Campus, toward the city, were the Chapel and Blake Row, the homes of the Commandant and Heads of Departments. On the opposite side, the Steam Building, Observatory, Library and upper end of Stribling Row separated the Campus from the Power House and Tennis Courts, which lay along the river's edge. Further down was the Santee Wharf, where the old frigate, dismasted and housed over, was moored. Near the wharf were the Seamanship Buildings, Gymnasium, Officers Club and lower end of Stribling Row, which sheltered the Bachelor Officers and Paymaster's Department.

On the other side of Maryland Avenue, and somewhat back from the pavement, was Main Quarters, flanked by the Recitation Shed, Goldsborough Row, better known as the Flats or Corals, Sick Quarters and the Physics and Chemistry Building, the abode of "Skinny." In the rear of Main Quarters were the Annex, where dwelt the Plebes, and the Armory. Beyond these lay the parade ground and Upshur Row, which had been laid out on the Strawberry Hill addition and dubbed "Oklahoma."

The Changes in Organization.

The body of Midshipmen of which we became a part when we entered the Academy, was organized as a battalion of four companies, each company being itself divided into four crews. We were quartered by classes, the first, second and third classes on the first, second, and

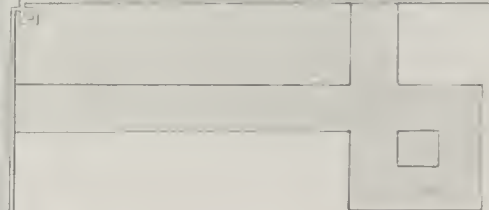
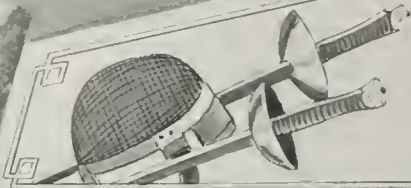


third floors respectively of main Quarters, while we, the Fourth Class lived in the Annex. This arrangement continued through our Youngster or Third Class year. But then there came a radical change. The increased number of Midshipmen was too great for one battalion, so two battalions of four companies each were organized, the two together constituting the Brigade of Midshipmen. We were not assigned to quarters that year by classes, but by companies. This was the first step toward the abolition of class organization, and the institution of the company as a unit. The present organization is that of the Brigade of two Battalions, but each battalion now consists of six companies. At the beginning of First Class year, the First Battalion occupied Old Quarters and Annexes A and B; the Second Battalion, the new Bancroft Hall.

The increase in number of Midshipmen caused by the entrance of abnormally large classes each year has necessitated each time larger quarters. This demand was first met by the building of the Annex in rear of Main Quarters; the next year an addition was made to it and was officially designated as Annex B to distinguish it from the original annex which became Annex A. The next demand for increased quarters was filled by the erection of an enormous shed on the Campus opposite Blake Row. This was termed officially Annex C, but is better known as the New Willard. On our return from First Class leave, the northeast wing of Bancroft Hall went into commission.

The Passing of the Old.

The erection of the New Academy, already well started when we entered the Academy, has progressed rapidly, and slowly but none the less surely the old has disappeared yielding to the new. The old Seamanship Building was not completely destroyed until the fall of First Class Year. Many were the hours we spent there during Plebe Winter, learning to knot and splice under the watchful eye of "Old Williams," whose lucid explanations of "why is dem dogs," or "why is dem rope ends," will never be forgotten. The quaint old Chapel at the end of Blake Row for two years gathered us in on Sunday mornings to slumber peacefully through the sermons just as our predecessors had done in years before. It was with genuine regret that, during our Second Class Year, we saw its walls torn down. The old Steam Building, where first we learned the F. W. B.'s of Mechanical Drawing, was vacated during the summer of 1904, the department moving into its new quarters which had just been finished, and leaving its old quarters to be used as an auxiliary power house and carpenter shop. As soon as the new Armory was finished, which was during the winter of our Youngster Year, the old Armory was converted into a recitation shed and was for a time the abode of Mathematics and Drawing. On our return from Second Class leave, however, the old Chapel was found inadequate to hold the Brigade, so the old Armory was converted into a temporary Chapel and is at present used for that purpose only. The Recitation Shed opposite Goldsborough Row, was until this last year, the home of English and Modern Languages, but is now used as the Pay Office; Annex C being used as a general recitation hall for all subjects save Steam

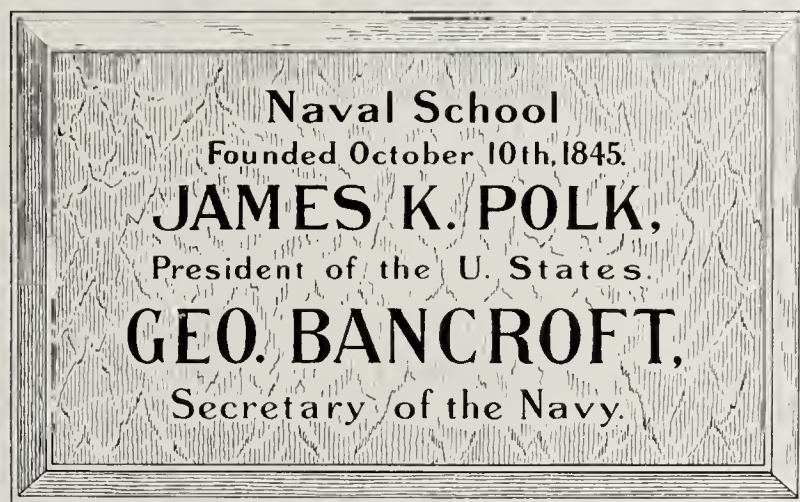


and Ordnance. The "Skinny" Building, Library and Observatory are still untouched; a portion of Blake Row remains; but all these together with the group around Old Quarters will be torn down in the near future.

With the passing of the Old Academy, not only the old buildings have disappeared, but also the old customs and the old life. The "clean sleever" can no longer sleep undisturbed till after breakfast. Old "rates" are rapidly disappearing, and the unofficial distinctions between classes have practically vanished. Class unity and class spirit are becoming more and more difficult of attainment. "Running," which, though so severely condemned by the general public certainly had many things in its favor, has entirely disappeared. "Soirées", "Bazoos," and other innocent amusements of the upper classes are known of by name only. "Gouging" has been voluntarily condemned by the Midshipmen, and the "wooden section" no longer mortgage their allowances for examinations. Some of these changes have perhaps been for the best, but it certainly is much to be regretted that the old ceremonies such as saluting Tecumseh, the God of 2.5, the Burial of Math and Skinny, the Chief of Division's Supper, and like affairs, which add so much to the fascination of academic life, have become so completely forgotten.

The New.

The Academy that we are leaving is practically an entirely different one from the one we entered. Though many of the old buildings remain, the old life is extinct. Of the new buildings, the Armory, Boat House, Steam Building and Officers Mess are completed and occupied. The New Quarters are nearly finished as are also the Officers' houses; and the new Chapel and Administration Building are under construction. Though the new Academy is by no means near completion, some of the buildings not having as yet been started, even in its present condition the magnificence of the finished project can be clearly discerned.





1906



CLASS OF 1906



AIKEN, H. K.	CAUSEY, L. D.	FOSTER, W. W.	JENSEN, H. M.
ALEXANDER, G. A.	CHANTRY, A. J., JR.	FRENCH, H. J.	JOHNSON, B. T., JR.
ALLEN, HUGH	CHAPIN, N. L.	FULLER, D. W.	JONES, HAROLD
ANDERSON, L. B.	CLARKE, W. E.	FULLER, H. G.	KEENE, G. F., JR.
ARMSTRONG, E. B.	COFFIN, V. P.	GARCELON, A. A., JR.	KELLER, C. S.
ATKINS, L. M.	COLLINS, J. H.	GHORMLEY, R. L.	KELLY, H. B.
BARKER, W. C., JR.	CONNOR, J. F.	GLASSFORD, W. A., JR.	KIDD, I. C.
BARTLETT, OWEN	COOLEY, H. M.	GOLDMAN, J. B.	KNOX, H. G.
BATTLE, S. W., JR.	COX, J. F.	GRADY, R. C.	LAKE, G. E.
BEAN, P. J.	DAVIS, G. K.	GRAVES, C. S.	LORSHBOUGH, W.W.
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BOGART, I. C.	DECKER, W. B.	HALL, W. E.	LOWMAN, R. L.
BONVILLIAN, C. A.	DELANO, HARVEY	HARTER, R. L.	LYNCH, C. McK.
BOOTH, W. H.	DIXON, JOHN	HARTIGAN, C. C.	MCCAIN, J. S.
BRAINARD, R. M.	DOHERTY, S.	HAYES, W. P.	MCDONALD, R. S.
BRISTOL, A. LER., JR.	DRAEMEL, M. F.	HENDERSON, S. L.	MCWHORTER, C. S.
BROOKS, J. H.	DRAKE, W.	HICKEY, A. S.	MADDEN, W. E.
BRYAN, G. S.	EMERSON, H. F.	HOWARD, D. L.	MANLEY, M. E.
CABANISS, R. W.	EWELL, L. M.	HOWE, W. B.	MANN, R. R.
CAKE, S. W.	FIELD, P. H.	HUGHES, R. E.	MARZONI, P. B.
CALHOUN, W. L.	FITCH, A. W.	HUTCHINS, H. E.	MAYO, C. B.
CARSTEIN, L. W. F.	FLETCHER, F. J.	JACOBS, W. F.	METCALF, V. N.

MEYERS, A. C.
MILLER, J. P.
MORRISON, D. P.
MOSES, E. S.
NAGLE, P. E. D.
NEWTON, W. F.
NOYES, LEIGH
OLDING, J. P.
PENCE, H. L.
PERKINS, F. M.
REES, A. S.
REICHMUTH, F. L.

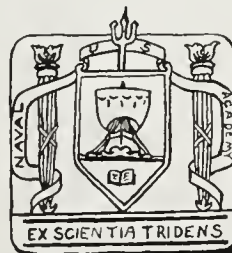
RIEBE, H. B.
ROBERTS, F. H.
ROBINSON, F. M.
ROGERS, F. F.
RUSSELL, C. A.
SCUDDER, R. P.
SHARP, A., JR.
SHUTE, I. C.
SMITH, N. M.
SMITH, R. F.
SPOFFORD, R. W.
STAPLER, J. T. G.

STEVENSON, W. H.
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STIRLING, A. G.
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TAYLOR, CONANT
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TURNBULL, A. D.
WALKER, R. L.
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WASHBURN, E. D. JR.
WELCH, L. F.
WHITE, R. A.

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WILLIAMS, J. R.
WILLSON, R.
WILSON, P. L.
WITHERS, T., JR.
WOLLESON, E. A.
WOODRUFF, C. A.
WOODWORTH, E. B.
WRIGHT, G. B.

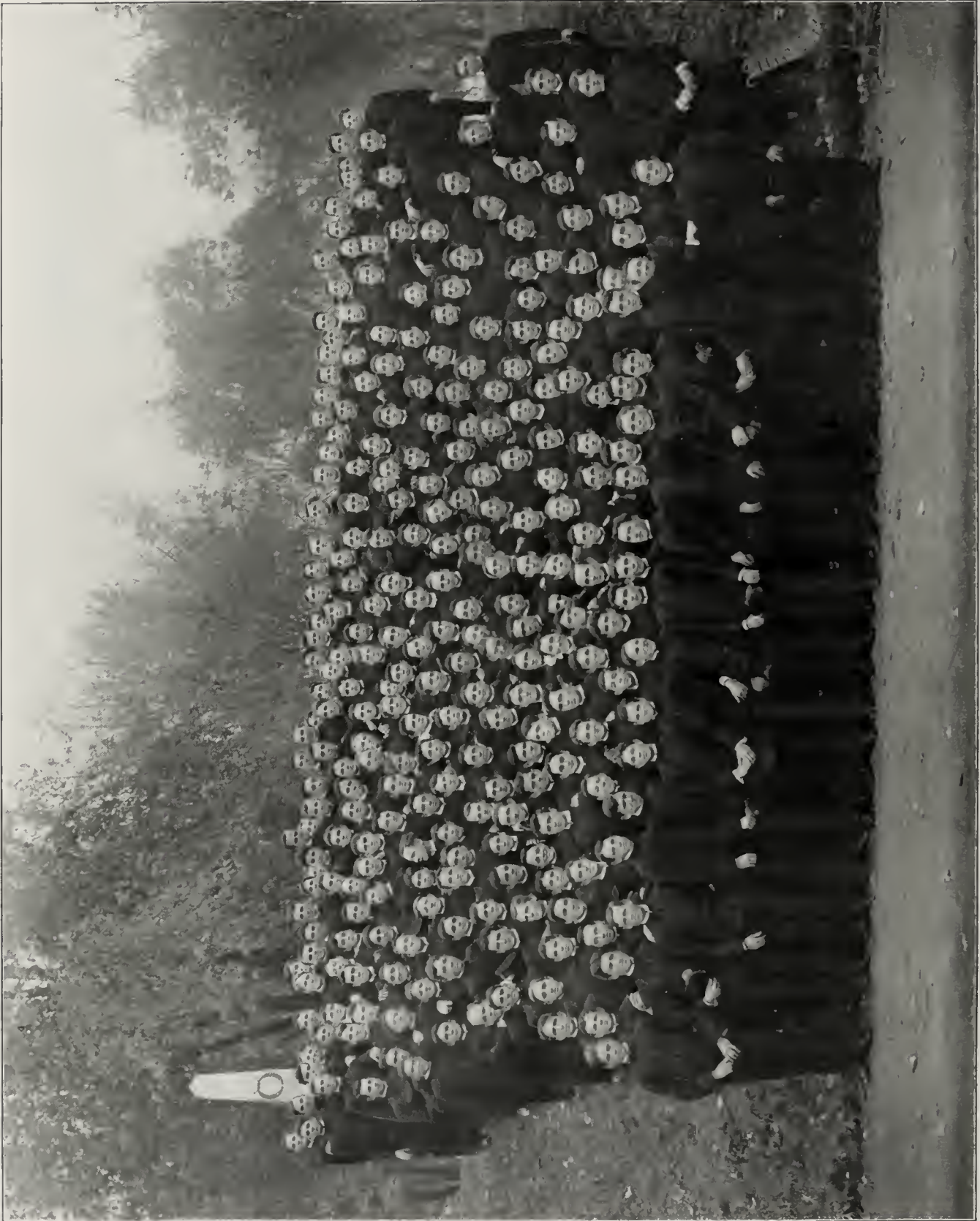


Class '07.



BRANDY

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ADAMS, L.	BRANCH, J. R.	CROSSE, C. W.	GALLOWAY, R. S.
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BAKER, G. E.	CASSIDY, R. E.	DICHMAN, G. C.	GROSS, F. E.
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BECK, W. L.	CLEMENT, E. F.	DYER, H.	HANSON, R. T.
BEEHLER, W. P.	CLEMENT, S. A.	EARLE, J. B.	HEIM, S. F.
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BLACKBURN, C. T.	CONDITT, J. H.	EWING, E. A.	HICKEY, B. F.
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BOYD, W. T., JR.	CORWIN, A. A.	FARQUHAR, A. S.	HILL, R.
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CLASS OF 1907

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HOLCOMB, F. P.	LEBOURGEOIS, H. B.	NORRIS, C. R.	STEVENSON, F. T.
HOLDEN, H. L.	LEE, W. H.	NORTON, H. H.	STEWART, R. R.
HOLLIDAY, S. E.	LEONARD, E. R.	O'BRIEN, J. M.	STILES, W. H., JR.
HOOVER, J. H.	LEWIS, J. W.	OLDS, A. McL.	STOVER, R. LeC.
HORNER, R. B.	LIBBEY, M. A.	OSBURN, C. T.	STRAIT, B. A.
HOVEY, C. E.	LICHTENSTEIN, E. A.	PAGE, C. P.	STROTHER, E. W.
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HUMPHREY, C.	LOFQUIST, E. A.	PARKER, R. C.	SYMINGTON, T. A.
HUNTER, D. T.	LOGAN, G. C.	PAYNE, S. S.	TAYLOR, B. B.
HYATT, C. R.	LOMBARD, B. R.	PICKETT, C.	TAYLOR, H. G.
HYDRICK, J. L.	LOWELL, R. T. S.	PLUMMER, F. L.	THEOBALD, R. A.
INGRAM, J. H.	LUDLOW, R. F.	POUSLAND, C. F.	THIBAUT, L. F.
ISEMAN, J. E.	MCCARTHY, F. P.	PRITCHARD, E. W.	THOMAS, R. G.
JACOBS, R.	MCCCLURE, H. A.	PRYOR, F. D.	THOMSON, T. A., JR.
JAMES, C. M.	MCCONNELL, R. F.	PUGH, C. E.	TOD, E. W.
JEWELL, J. W.	MCCORMACK, H. W.	RAVENSCROFT, G. M.	TORLINSKI, M. J.
JOERNS, G.	MCCRARY, P. H.	READ, A. C.	TUHOLSKI, W. H.
JOHNSON, E. F.	MCGILL, C. McC.	REID, S. S.	ULRICH, W. C.
JOHNSTONE, H. H.	MCKEEHAN, L. W.	REIDY, T. J.	UTLEY, H. H.
JONES, C. A.	MCKINNEY, S. B.	RHODES, J. B.	VAN AUKEN, F. T.
JONES, H. A.	MCKITTRICK, H. V.	RITTER, H. H.	VAN DE CARR, J. C.
JORDAN, L., JR.	MCWHORTER, E. D.	ROBINSON, C. R.	VAN DERVEER, W. A.
KAYS, H. T.	MALLISON, W. T.	RUSSELL, F.	VERTREES, L. L.
KEIRAN, R. T.	MANIER, W. R., JR.	SAMPSON, R. E.	VOSSLER, F. A. L.
KELLER, H. R.	MARTIN, A. C.	SCHEIBLA, L. C.	WALKER, E. B.
KENYON, G. W.	MARTIN, A. G.	SCHELLING, J. M.	WALLACE, W. O.
KEPPLER, C. H. J.	MATHEWSON, R. W.	SCHUYLER, G. L.	WALSH, W. H.
KIMBALL, L. F.	MAXFIELD, L. H.	SCOTT, D. A.	WARE, B. R., JR.
KING, F. R.	MAYFIELD, I. H.	SEYMOUR, P.	WARREN, R. D.
KING, R.	MECLEARY, H. B.	SHEA, J. F.	WATSON, R. H.
KITTEL, E. G.	MEREDITH, J. E.	SHERLOCK, W. E.	WELLER, E. C.
KLEIN, J. H., JR.	MILES, A. H.	SHIRLEY, M. C.	WELLINGTON, G. L.
KNAPP, J. H.	MILLER, C. E.	SHONERD, H. G.	WELTE, H. E.
KNAUSS, H. E.	MILNER, F. W.	SIMPSON, G. W.	WHITE, N. H., JR.
KNOX, F. M.	MONROE, J. A.	SLAYTON, C. C.	WILLIAMS, E. H.
KRAKOW, C. C.	MONTESER, W. R.	SMITH, R. R.	WILLIAMSON, W. P.
LAFRENZ, W. F.	MONTGOMERY, R. L.	SMITH, W. T.	WINDSOR, C. C.
LAGERQUIST, F. W.	MURFIN, H. C., JR.	SPENCER, H. L.	WOODWARD, V. V.
LAIRD, G. H.	MURRAY, J. McC.	SPRUANCE, R. A.	WRIGHT, C. L.
LANDO, E.	NEEDHAM, R. C.	STARR, F. C.	

We, the class of 1907, feel that in the death of our classmate, George Francis Clay, we have lost a true friend and comrade. We recognized in him those qualities of manliness, modesty and loyalty, that endeared him to us and gave us an example worthy of love and emulation. We believe that his death is a loss, not alone to our class but to the entire Naval Service.



ADAIR, C. W.	BIDWELL, A. T.	CAREY, J. J.	CUTTS, E. F.
ALLEN, A. M. R.	BLAKESLEE, E. G.	CARMICHAEL, A. W.	DAGUE, W. H., JR.
ALSTON, W. O.	BLASDEL, G. D.	CARTER, W. R.	DAVIS, C. H.
AMES, E.	BLOEBAUM, C. A. A.	CARVER, W. J.	DAVIS, C. H., JR.
AUSTIN, J. E.	BORLAND, J.	CECIL, T. J.	DAVIS, H. F. D.
BACON, A.	BOTSFORD, O. ST. A.	CHAMBERS, H. L.	DAVIS, L. C.
BADT, H. A.	BOWERFIND, F. C.	CHARLTON, A. M.	DENNEY, A. D.
BARNES, G. C.	BOYNTON, H. W.	CHEW, F. T.	DESAUSSURE, R. L.
BARNETT, J. W., JR.	BRADBURY, J. L.	CLARK, C. C.	DOLAN, C. M.
BARRY, J. R.	BRADFUTE, B. W.	CLARK, J. B.	DONALD, H. G.
BARTLETT, W. C.	BRANDT, G. E.	CLARK, R. W.	DONAVIN, K. H.
BASTEDO, P. H.	BRERETON, W. D., JR.	CLEVELAND, H. W.	DOUGLAS, A. H.
BATZER, H. W.	BROSHEK, J. J.	CLOUD, P. E.	DOYLE, J. M.
BAUSH, R. O.	BROWN, D. L.	COALE, G. G.	DREUTZER, C. E.
BEANFIELD, R. McC.	BRUNE, H. W.	COCHRAN, S.	DUCEY, D. F.
BEARDALL, J. R.	BUCK, E. F.	COFFIN, T., JR.	DUNCAN, G. A.
BECKER, J. E.	BUCKINGHAM, E.	COLLINS, M.	EARLE, J. R.
BEESON, D. H.	BURDICK, H. DE F.	COMERFORD, F. J.	EARLY, J. A.
BEISEL, F. C.	BURG, R. A.	CONGER, F. P.	EISELE, C. L.
BELT, H.	CALHOUN, C. K.	CONNOR, E. H.	EMMERSON, G. H.
BERG, F. R.	CAMPBELL, J. C.	CORDINER, D. C.	EMMET, R. R. M.
BERRY, F. T.	CANNON, F.	CROSBY, H. H.	ESTESS, E. J.
BEST, C. L.	CAPPEL, C.	CUNNINGHAM, J. C.	EVERSON, J. H.



CLASS OF 1908



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FAY, R. S.	JOHNSON, L. P.	MARION, P. H.	RIDGLEY, H. C.
FORGUS, H. H.	JONES, T. H.	MARKLAND, H. T.	RINEHART, E. V.
FOSTER, M. J.	JUKES, E. W.	MAUPIN, F. P.	RIPLEY, W. C.
FOWLER, F. H.	KAUFFMAN, J. L.	MEADE, E. K.	ROBBINS, J. G.
FOY, E. J.	KEESTER, G. B.	MELVIN, G. H.	ROCKWELL, F. W.
GARY, C. B.	KELEHER, T. J.	MERIWETHER, M., JR.	ROELKER, E. P.
GEISINGER, W. M.	KELLEGREW, F. W.	MITSCHER, M. A.	ROGERS, B. D.
GIBSON, H.	KELLY, A. M. E.	MOORE, J. D.	ROGERS, R. E.
GILROY, C. D.	KEMMAN, A. S.	MUELLER, L. C.	ROSS, C. C.
GORHAM, G. B.	KEMP, D. E.	MUIR, B. K.	ROUNTREE, W. J.
GOULARD, A.	KILPATRICK, W. K.	MUNROE, W. R.	SAUFLEY, R. C.
GRAY, J. W.	KINKAID, T. C.	NELSON, J. A.	SCHAFFER, J. L.
GREENO, L. W.	KNERR, H. J.	NICHOLS, C. H.	SCHANZE, A. K.
GRESHAM, W. F.	KRAUS, S. M.	NORTHCROFT, P. W.	SCHIPFER, C. A.
GUTHRIE, E.	LABHARDT, H. B.	NORTON, E. R.	SEARCY, W. W., JR.
GWYNN, H. M.	LABOUNTY, S. M.	OLSON, A. G.	SHAFROTH, J. F., JR.
HALL, W. H.	LAIZURE, D. C.	O'REAR, J. T. H.	SHEA, F. L.
HAMILTON, F. G.	LAMMERS, H. M.	OSWALD, J. L.	SHEPHERD, H. E.
HAMILTON, H. C.	LANG, F. L.	OWEN, W. C.	SLINGLUFF, F., JR.
HAND, J. L.	LANGE, E. C.	PAGE, W. K.	SMITH, C. V.
HARRIS, C. A.	LATHAM, J. C.	PAILTHORP, O. C.	SMITH, F. R., JR.
HAWTHORNE, W. F.	LEAHY, M. A.	PARSONS, H. E.	SMITH, J. D.
HEIBERG, W. LeR.	LEE, A.	PASHLEY, W. H.	SMITH, K. F.
HENDERSON, T. S.	LEE, W. A., JR.	PATTERSON, D. C., JR.	SMITH, O., JR.
HENRY, H.	LEMELY, R. P.	PENN, A. M.	SMITH, P. L.
HEWLETT, G. W.	LEVENE, H. H.	PETERSON, M. J.	SMITH, W.
HIBBARD, C.	LOFTIN, E. H.	PEYTON, P. J.	SMITH, W. R., JR.
HILL, K. L.	LOUCKS, R. L.	PICKERING, N. W.	SPEICHER, P. E.
HILLIARD, J. C.	LOWELL, J. S.	PIERCE, M. R.	SPILLER, O. L.
HIRD, H. B.	LUCAS, A. L.	PIERSOL, W. B.	SPORE, J. S.
HITCHCOCK, H. M.	MCCABE, J. R.	POOLE, J. L.	SPROULL, C. W.
HODGES, L. L.	MCCAULEY, C.	PORTER, H. H.	STALEY, J. B.
HOLLAND, P. L.	MCCAULEY, T. L.	POURTALES, L. J.	STARK, L. C.
HOOVER, R. L.	MCCLAIN, J. F.	POWELL, E. W. B.	STECKEL, A. M.
HOUCHENS, F. B.	MCCORMICK, E. D.	PULLMAN, J.	STEWART, L. S.
HULINGS, J. S.	MCDONALD, J. W.	PURNELL, W. R.	STILLWELL, E. G.
HUNSAKER, J. C.	MCDOWELL, D. H.	PUTNAM, J. F.	STOER, C. H.
IRISH, J. McC.	MCGIFFIN, N., JR.	RANKIN, J. W.	STOKES, H. L.
JAEGER, R. M.	MCGUIRE, H. D.	RAWLS, N. B.	STRAUSS, H. A.
JAMES, J.	MCKEE, E. W.	RAWLS, W. O.	SUTTON, J. N.
JANEWAY, A. S.	McNEILL, A. B.	REIMERS, C. A., JR.	THOMAS, C. C.
JENNINGS, J. C.	MADIGAN, T. J., JR.	RICHARDSON, H. S.	TIPTON, T. M.

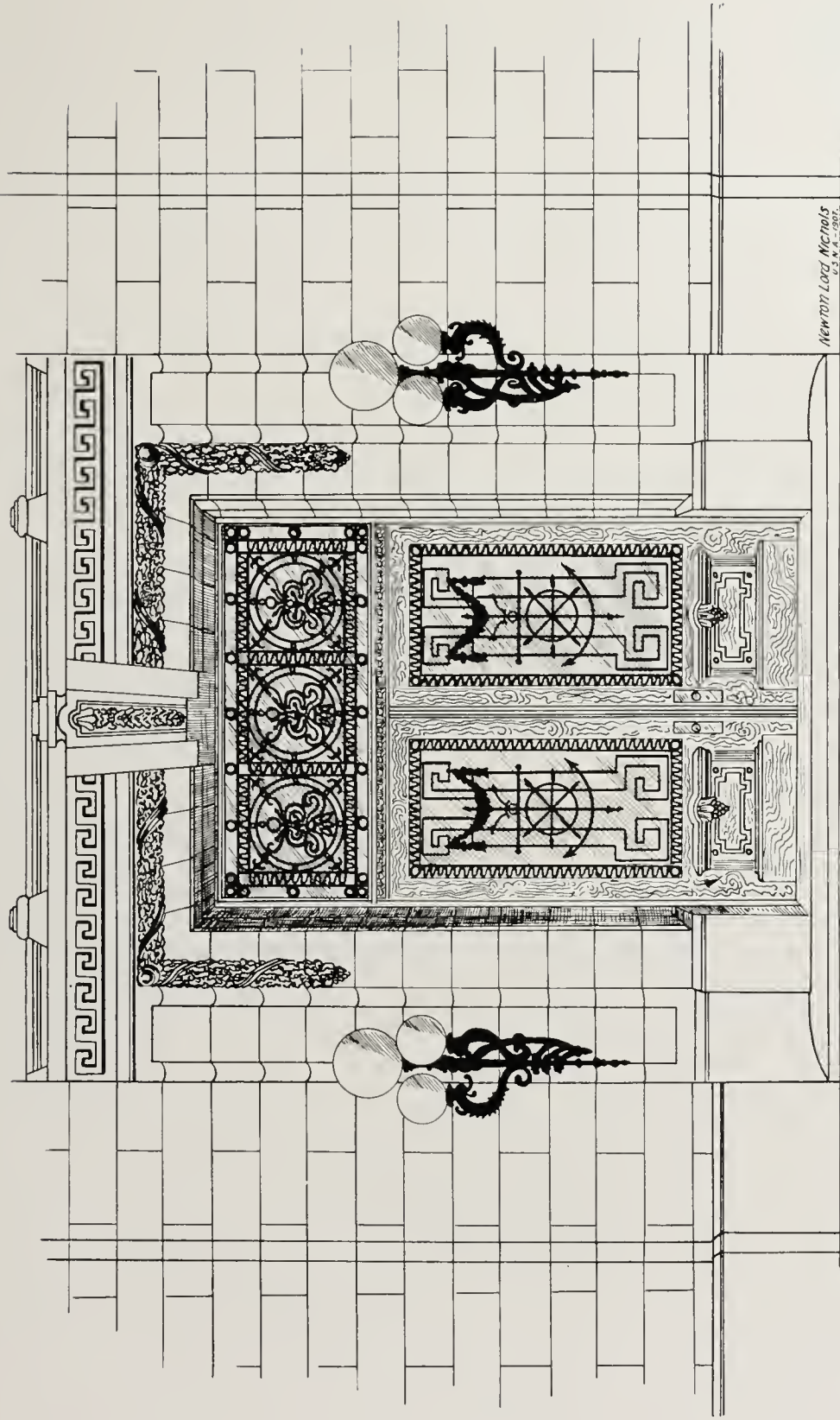
TOWNSEND, F. M.
TRIPPE, R. E.
TURNER, R. K.
TURNER, W. W.
VANDERHOOF, A. H.
VAN DER VEER, N. R.
WADDINGTON, H. A.
WALLER, L. W. T., JR.
WALLING, R. G.

WARD, R. G.
WARREN, L. P.
WARREN, N. S.
WATERS, R. P.
WEBB, A. F.
WEBSTER, F. O.
WELLS, C. H.
WELSHIMER, R. R.

WEST, C. G.
WHITE, R. C.
WHITE, R. E.
WICKHAM, W. C.
WILHELM, O.
WILKINSON, J. C., JR.
WILLE, F. J.
WILLETT, M. B.

WILLIAMS, F. M., JR.
WILLIAMS, R. C.
WILSON, E. E.
WILSON, G. F.
WILSON, W. W.
WUEST, R. W.
YATES, C. M.
YOUNG, R. S., JR.





NEWTON LOGG, Nichols
C.S. N.Y. 1887.

GLASSS OF 1887



*Little Miss Navy with hair so wavy,
Our toast and our boast
Is little Miss Navy.*

Three Minus One Is Always Two.

I.

'Twas at a hop of this last Leap Year
When towards a maid two Mids did steer;
Each, smiling, hurried down the line;
Both blurted forth, "This dance is mine."
Then wildly turned their cards around
And stood and glared without a sound.

II.

But soon it was a merry mix,
Just nineteen five with nineteen six.
Miss Navy laughed and closed her fan,
Then wig-wagged to another man
Who took the hint and gleeful came;
The while the battle raged the same.

III.

A Plebe, indeed, was number four,
Whose fondest hopes began to soar.
Naught five and six fought for the dance,
Until the music broke their trance.
Then turning round, to their dismay,
They saw Miss Navy glide away.

The moral here we clearly state:
They who haste most are surely late.
Three minus one is always two,
So I'd never be one if I were you.

J. S.

A Youngster's Soliloquy.



IT isn't so bad being a Youngster, after all. True, we cannot exercise our traditional prerogative over the Plebes, but that is their loss, not ours. And then the fussers and the close-harmony fiends blossom out, and besiege one with dances to give away and songs to sing, but that is to be expected.

My, but there were some bad ones on the cruise, too. Just got done being Plebes, I guess, and were a little off in the head. Why, one fellow made a working drawing of the Nevada from stem to stern; another answered the quarterdeck hail with "Arkansas, Sir," and had the Exec waiting for him at the gangway. But the spud locker! They piled up on that till you couldn't see it, and the hammock nettings were full. Said they didn't know they couldn't go to sleep there. Oh yes, that fire drill, too, when the little fellow provided a box of rifles.

Hey there! Mister! What in h— Oh, yes! I guess I'd better not say any more,—that's hazing, I'm afraid. But would you note that specimen swinging his arms!

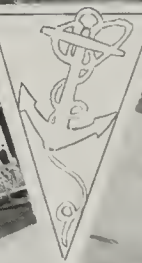
Certainly am glad Plebe Year's over. That's so long ago I can hardly remember it, but I'll bet I never looked like that mick. That is, I braced up, and didn't walk like a stork that had eaten too much. Wish they'd let us brace 'em up. I'll bet there'd be a big improvement in their looks.

Well, I believe I'll resign. Been back two weeks now, and homesick as ever. Don't see why they only give us one month's leave. A fellow can't get started in that time. If I'd had about two weeks more with Julia, I'd have made that cit at home look like a leather three cent piece. But just when I was beginning to get busy, I had to leave.

Hello, there's the mail now. Hey, there, anything for me? What? Look again. Well I'll be——! That blooming postmaster's gone to sleep like the rest of this bloody town. Let's a fellow slave away, and never takes any trouble to give him his mail. I'd like to punch his fat face.

Hello, old lady, just got back. Oh, yes, I know your sister. Doesn't look much like you, though. Yes, I'll take a dance. Who with? That girl you were just walking with ——Oh, Lord I'm in for it now. Hope she's got a good disposition.

What's the Calc lesson? Thirty-five pa—! Oh, go on! You're running me. Honest? I wonder what they think we are! Couldn't read that over in an hour. Don't guess I'll try. Gimme that magazine. I'm going to read a little and then turn in. This life's too strenuous and a fellow needs some relaxation anyhow.





WE were a varied collection of youths who gathered here last June, and who, inspired by noble impulses and patriotism, had left home, mother and sweetheart (?) with our futures laid out in glory and honor to become admirals in Uncle Sam's Navy. But what a drop! From predestined conquerors of nations, we dropped down and down, until, as we finally reached Annapolis and found that we were only one of very many heroes to be, we felt as if we had fallen from infinity and landed on zip.

Our Class History begins June 6th, 1904, when we first became Midshipmen. Those first few weeks were novel. We were as green as "Mike's" hair is red, and what we knew about drills and seamanship, could easily be printed in large type on the back of a postage stamp. But, like all our "preds." we had that serene feeling of importance, due to our realization that we really were Midshipmen, until our first cutter drill. Then our pipes went out and our dream was over. Oh, Joy! those lovely blisters and delightful (?) races from the lighthouse in to the Santee wharf. But that was not all; the old Santee was very popular with the "fumers," each of whom spent a month on the "yacht," and who can say that those Saturday afternoon "informals" given by the French Department were not thoroughly enjoyed?

However, the summer passed very rapidly and September paid us a short visit. We then experienced our first work aloft, and one very small, but old and dignified member of the class,

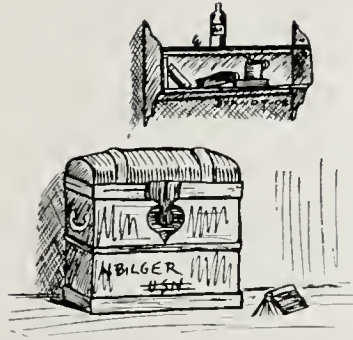
remarked, of the working on the main royal, that it was the nearest to heaven he had ever been. October arrived with its many surprises and novelties. The upperclassmen began to take a great interest in us and to see that we did everything in the proper manner. Their kind, sympathetic remarks have had their effect on us from the start.

Our chief pastime now is dreaming of our first cruise and leave, and looking forward to a certain day in June some three and a half years hence, when, like the class which has honored us with these pages, we can look back on our four years as Midshipmen with the greatest of pride and joy.



“Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out yer toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be dhrunk,
But bejabers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye monkey-faced divil,
I'll jolly ye through.
Wan—two!
Time, mark!
Ye march like the aigle in
Cintheral Parrk.”





The Song of the Bilger.



TUNE: That the Old Cow Died on.

Camera and other tink
In the trunk together sink
With the shirts and overshoes,
With the other things we choose;
Dictionary—it fills up—
And perhaps a shaving-cup!
What a lot of blooming junk
Gets into the bilger's trunk.

Packing up is now the thing,
While we work and cuss and sing.
From our homes so far away
Nevermore again we'll stray.
On the farm we'll live and die;
No more Math our wits to try;
No more Skinny, no more trees,
No more working for a grease.

Pack it up, that blooming trunk,
Full of reg. and non-reg. junk!
See that nothing's left behind,
Then, the ropes around it bind:
Let it carry mem'ries dear
With us even to the bier.
And, although we be not savey,
Let us not forget the Navy.

Hop Committee.

ARTHUR KENNEDY ATKINS, '05
Chairman, Montana

WILLIAM BAGGALEY, '05
Pennsylvania

RALPH BEAVER STRASSBURGER, '05
Pennsylvania

ROBERT WRIGHT CABANISS, '06
Alabama

ARTHUR WESLEY SEARS, '05
Michigan

JOHN WALTER WILCOX, '05
Georgia

FERDINAND LOUIS REICHMUTH, '06
Wisconsin

RUSSEL WILSON, '06
Washington, D. C.

CHARLES WASHBURN CROSSE, '07
Wisconsin

ARTHUR WILLIAM FRANK, '07
Alabama



Hops 1904-1905.

OCTOBER 8th
OCTOBER 22nd
NOVEMBER 5th
NOVEMBER 19th
NOVEMBER 23rd
DECEMBER 3rd
DECEMBER 17th
DECEMBER 24th
DECEMBER 31st

JANUARY 7th
JANUARY 21st
FEBRUARY 4th
FEBRUARY 18th
MARCH 4th
APRIL 1st
APRIL 29th
MAY 13th
MAY 27th





HOP COMMITTEE





Court, Leader

Hot Airs.

TOWNSEND, '05	FURLONG, '05	SMITH, R. F., '06	ATKINS, L. M., '06
DECKER, '06	DAVY, '07	STOVER, '07	BASTEDO, '08

Alsos.

INGERSOLL, '05	McSHEEHY, '05	CARSTEIN, '06
BAUGHMAN, '07		PUGH, '07

Barber Shops.

STEWART, R. R., '07	BURDICK, '08	DREUTZER, '08	DONOVAN, '08
	LEA, '07		

Submarines.

PENCE, '06	CLARKE, '06	JOHNSON, '07	PRITCHARD, '07
McKINNEY, '07	MURFIN, '07	PIERSOL, '08	ALLEN, '08
	WEST, '08		



ORMOND L. COX, '05.

President.

C. B. MAYO, '06.

Vice President.

W. R. MANIER, '07

Secretary and Treasurer.

C. A. LOHR, '05.

Chairman Bible Study Committee.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of the Naval Academy is a branch of the International Y. M. C. A. Though unable to carry out the work of the International Association in its broadest scope, it is the aim of our Association to bring the Midshipmen into closer religious fellowship, to keep them more in touch with home life, and to encourage each other in the conscientious discharge of daily duties.

The Association has many obstacles to overcome; the principal one of which is time to properly carry on the work. This has been partly overcome this year by the fact that permission has been granted to hold our meetings Sunday evenings instead of Sunday afternoons. Mention is made of this because the meetings have been better, more largely attended, and because the Association desires to express its appreciation of the interest shown by the authorities.

An important feature of the work has been the organization of Bible study groups for the systematic study of the Bible. Progress in this work is shown by the fact that our enrollment for the present year in Bible study work is more than double that of last.

Situated as we are, we are unable to co-operate with other Associations; but we feel that we have an ever widening influence not only at the Naval Academy, but throughout the world.

In Memoriam.

Captain Colahan is dead. Such was the sad news passed from lip to lip one cold day last spring. It was a distinct shock to each of us who had known him and left its pang of regret. It seemed impossible that our late Commandant, so hale and hearty, had passed away. It was he who first inspired us by his example to become efficient officers and true men—an example to be emulated and one governed by the thoughts of a Christian gentleman. He sympathized with us in our trouble, shared in our defeats, and rejoiced in our victories. Because of his justice, we respected him; because of his human sympathy we loved him. Truly he was one of God's elect.

AMONG the most pleasant features of our candidate days will be remembered the many happy hours that numbers of us enjoyed at "Aunt Alice's." She was a friend at all times and her "boys" loved her as she deserved. Though seldom called by us as Mrs. Aspold, she is known to scores of officers as Aunt Alice. Our class was the last to know her before the grim Reaper gathered her in. She is now with her own boy whose memory was always so dear to her.

A
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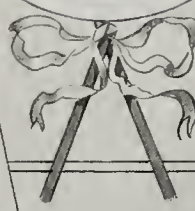
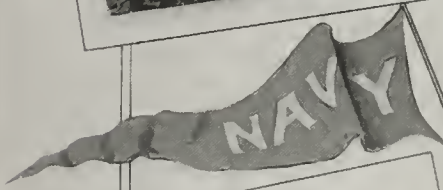


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R S FURBER '65.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



COURT—CREW
PEGRAM—BASEBALL

TEAM CAPTAINS
NEILSON—FENCING
MCCLINTIC—RIFLE

SWEENEY—TRACK
FARLEY—FOOTBALL



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MIDSHIPMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

President.

KENNETH WHITING, '05, NEW YORK

Secretary.

JOHN WALTER WILCOX, '05, GEORGIA

Treasurer.

WINFIELD LIGGETT, '05, VIRGINIA

LOUIS CALOTT FARLEY, '05, CAPTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM

WILLIAM TUPPER LIGHTLE, '05, MANAGER FOOTBALL TEAM

GEORGE CARGILL PEGRAM, '05, CAPTAIN BASEBALL TEAM

WILLIAM EDGAR EBERLE, '05, MANAGER BASEBALL TEAM

ALVAH BREAKER COURT, '05, CAPTAIN CREW

LOGAN CRESAP, '05, MANAGER CREW

LLOYD WOOLSEY TOWNSEND, '05, MANAGER TRACK, FENCING AND SAILING TEAMS

ARTHUR KENNEDY ATKINS, '05, CHAIRMAN HOP COMMITTEE

VICTOR NICHOLSON METCALF, '06, REPRESENTATIVE CLASS 1906

CHARLES FLETCHER CHAMBERS, '07, REPRESENTATIVE CLASS 1907

Athletics at the Naval Academy.



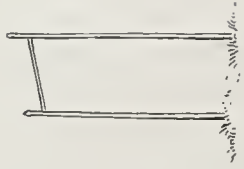
THE credit of first introducing athletics at the United States Naval Academy belongs to Admiral David D. Porter, U. S. N, who, in 1865 relieved Commodore Blake as Superintendent. Previous to this time the pleasures of the Midshipmen, in their few spare hours, had been governed by rules and regulations which might have been drawn up by the early New England Puritans, so strict were they. The Midshipmen were supposed at all times to bear themselves with the solemn dignity of a college professor. In fact, so strict were the ideas governing dignified pleasure, that a number of youngsters were severely disciplined for presuming to ask permission to play cricket. Under Porter all was changed. He provided means for all sorts of athletics and encouraged the Midshipmen to take part. He went so far as to set a personal example by himself using the gymnastic apparatus and even put on the gloves and boxed with some of the upper classmen. It was not long before this example had its effect, and the following spring rival baseball teams were formed by the various classes. Rowing shells were provided, and a well appointed gymnasium was fitted up. Thus were the foundations of Academy athletics laid.

From this time on the various sports existed at the Naval Academy, though it can hardly be said that they flourished. The fight for the absolutely essential 2.5 was too keen to allow any general participation in athletics.

There was, in fact, no really systematic work. This state of affairs brought about a deterioration in the physical standard of the battalion until it became so noticeable as to attract the attention of the alumni at their yearly meeting. Col. Robert M. Thompson pointed out that to develop a naval officer it was as essential to cultivate his body as his mind. Through his untiring efforts and generous offer of prizes to the best men in the various branches of sport, athletics were set upon a firm basis. Rowing was revived and in 1890 great stimulus was given to football by the inauguration of inter-academy contests between the Naval Academy and West Point. These still continue, with the addition of baseball, the chief stimulus of the two seasons of athletic activity, the spring and fall.

The football team, crew, and baseball team, have been well supported for several years, but unhappily, the fencing team and track team have not received the amount of attention that they should have. Despite this fact the fencing team has won the intercollegiate fencing championship, and the track team has made some very presentable records. Outside meets were arranged last year for the track team for the first time, and if this policy is continued should greatly stimulate that branch of athletics.

Few people, who have not themselves been through it, realize how much the man who goes out for athletics gives up for the welfare of his team and for the good name of the institution. Living under the monotonous routine of the Academy his every minute is taken up with the exception of a short hour and a half after drill. This is the time that he has to utilize for his athletics and anyone who does not think that this is a big sacrifice needs only to try it for two months to be thoroughly convinced.



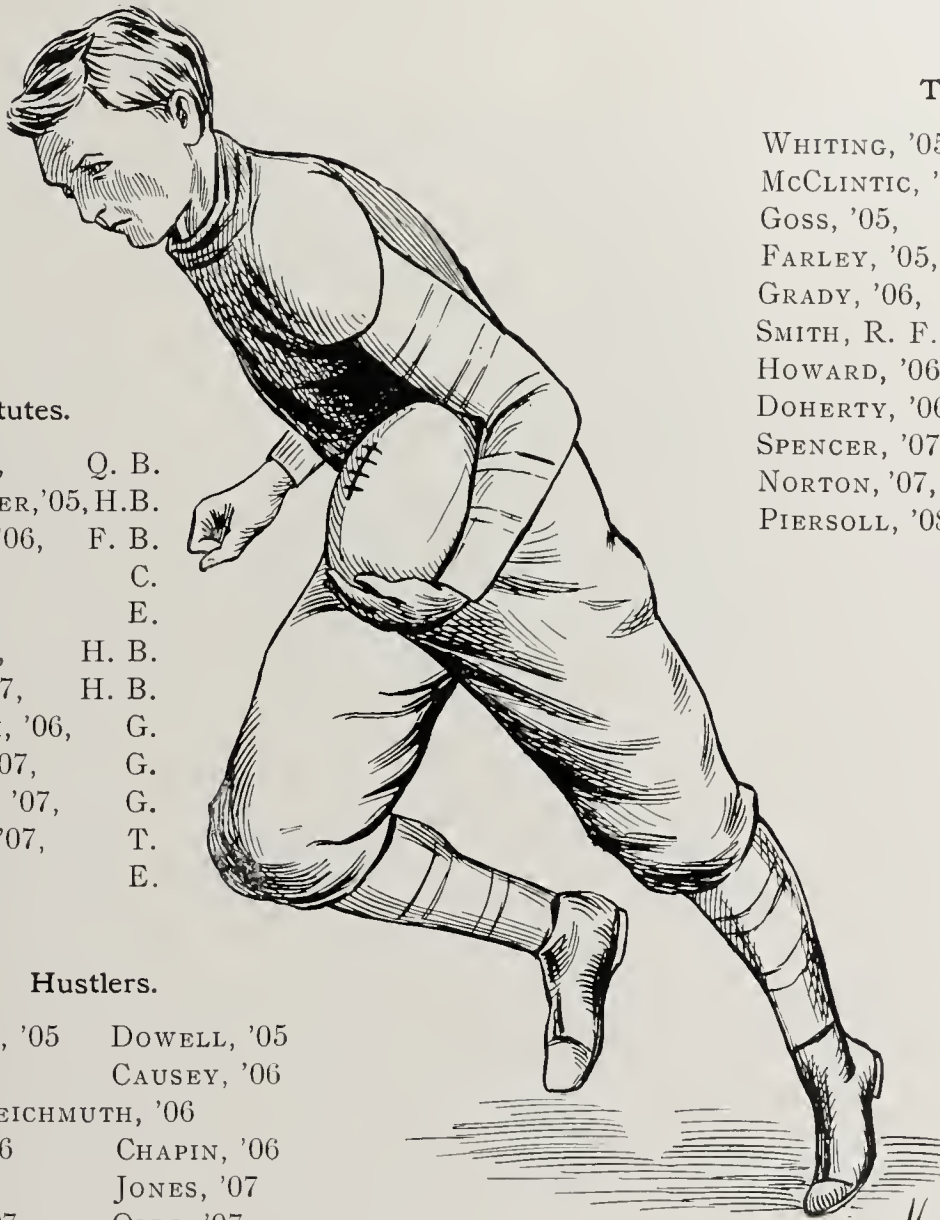
FOOTBALL TEAM.

Football Team.

MANAGER, W. T. LIGHTLE, '05

ASSISTANT MANAGER, EWELL, '06

CAPTAIN, L. C. FARLEY, '05



Team.

WHITING, '05,	R. E.
McCLINTIC, '05,	C.
Goss, '05,	L. G.
FARLEY, '05,	L. T.
GRADY, '06,	R. T.
SMITH, R. F., '06,	F. B.
HOWARD, '06,	L. E.
DOHERTY, '06,	R. H. B.
SPENCER, '07,	L. H. B.
NORTON, '07,	Q. B.
PIERSOLL, '08,	R. G.

Substitutes.

WILCOX, '05,	Q. B.
STRASSBURGER, '05,	H. B.
GHORMLEY, '06,	F. B.
REES, '06,	C.
WELCH, '06,	E.
DECKER, '06,	H. B.
BERNARD, '07,	H. B.
WOODWORTH, '06,	G.
CHAMBERS, '07,	G.
McCONNELL, '07,	G.
McKINNEY, '07,	T.
DAGUE, '08,	E.

Hustlers.

McCANDLESS, '05	DOWELL, '05
DURR, '05	CAUSEY, '06
	REICHMUTH, '06
CABANISS, '06	CHAPIN, '06
NOYES, '06	JONES, '07
NEEDHAM, '07	OLDS, '07
DREUTZER, '08	SHAFROTH, '08
WALLER, '08	BURG, '08
	SLINGLUFF, '08

Neilson
05

The Football Season.



THE football season cannot be considered as entirely successful, inasmuch as the ultimate object of the entire season's work—the West Point game—was a defeat for the Navy team. At the same time a review of the season shows that we have made a great step in advance. Last year the Army hopelessly outclassed us while this year the two teams were perhaps more evenly matched than ever before.

The first step towards the development of this year's team was taken last February. Professor Paul Dashiell, who was to have charge of the coaching, pointed out that if the team was to be in the same class with the Army it would have to reach a higher physical standard. Accordingly, boxing and wrestling were commenced in the gymnasium. A charging machine was also devised and the squad set themselves to the task of developing the muscles that would be most called upon in the coming football season. This was not fun, but everybody began to realize that if anything was to be accomplished, just one thing would do it, and that was work, hard consistent work. As soon as the weather permitted the men were taken out of doors and taught the rudiments of the game: falling on the ball, handling punts, quick starting, etc. The summer cruise put an end to this, but even on shipboard the men were to a certain extent kept in good trim. At the end of the cruise the preliminary work ended and all hands went on their annual leave of absence.

On September 20th a number of the older men reported for practice, and these, with the new fourth class material at hand, commenced light practice. On October 1st, all hands returned and the real work of making a team commenced. On October 8th, the first game of the season was played with Virginia Military Institute, and resulted in a victory for our team, by the score of 12—0. This score was a disappointment, but the game showed that we possessed possibilities. It showed particularly the quality of our defensive work, inasmuch as they were able to make but one first down in the entire game. A game with the Marine Officers followed on October 12th, and resulted in such an easy victory that it was hardly good practice for the team. On October 15th, we played Princeton. This was a very hard fought game and showed the men what they could do if they went into the game with all the fight and dash that they possessed. The price that we paid for our victory though, was high indeed. Douglass, one of our best backs, had his leg broken and was out of the game for the rest of the year. His loss in the

back field was keenly felt the rest of the season. St. John's was defeated the following Wednesday. This game was followed by a decided slump. Dickinson held us down to a 0—0 score. This was particularly bad as there was no doubt but that we had the better team and should have defeated them easily. The game was lost on fumbling. But even worse than this was our defeat by Swarthmore the following week. A much needed brace was taken after this, and from this time on the team continued to improve. Pennsylvania State College, which had beaten us for three consecutive years, was defeated. The next week the heavy team of the University of Virginia



Photo by Mrs. C. R. Miller.

PROF. DASHIEL.

was defeated. The last practice game of the season was played on November 19th, with Virginia Polytechnic Institute. This also resulted in a victory. The last week was spent putting on the finishing touches to the team for the West Point game. On November 26th, in Philadelphia, West Point defeated us by the score of 11—0.

The coaching of the team this year was in charge of Professor Paul J., Dashiell. He had as an assistant throughout the year, Mr. Herman Olcott of Yale. Those who worked under them, more than any one else, realize with what untiring zeal and labor they worked for the welfare of the team. It is a pleasure to work for such men, and it is the great regret of those who graduate

this year that they will never have the chance of again working under them. Too many thanks cannot be given the many others, old Navy players, who helped. It is only right that especial mention should be made of the work of Lieutenants McCarthy, Bookwalder and Tardy. These and many others gave up much of their time, and put their hearts and souls into the work of developing a winning team. It is not the coaches fault but lack of first-class material, that is responsible for our defeat. They succeeded in putting the Navy back into a class from which it had fallen the year before. It is the unanimous desire and hope of the football squad that Prof. Dashiell have charge of next year's team, for they not only realize his thorough mastery of the game and his great ability as a coach, but they also love and respect him for the man he is.

THE CAPTAIN.

Schedule.

			NAVY	OPPO.
October	8	Virginia Military Institute	12	0
	12	Marine Officers	68	0
	15	Princeton	10	9
	19	St. John's College	23	0
	22	Dickinson	0	0
	29	Swarthmore	0	9
November	5	Pennsylvania State College	20	9
	12	University of Virginia	5	0
	19	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	11	0
	26	West Point	0	11
		Total	149	38



The West Point Game.



ON Franklin Field, Saturday, November 26, 1904, was sounded the death knell of West Point's football supremacy. It is not a Navy custom to bedim the victory of a rival, nor excuse defeat, but the tones of that knell were heard and understood by twenty-five thousand people, and to one who did not hear them, this description may be interesting.

Army kicked off to Smith, who made a clean catch and behind good interference, ran it back fifteen yards. For off side, the Army was penalized five yards. Then with hardly a break for fifteen minutes the Navy ploughed through the vaunted Army line. A fifteen yard penalty called for a punt, and Howard sent it down the field forty-five yards. McClintic was right there, but not in time to prevent Gary from running it back the noble distance of thirty-six inches. In the succeeding three downs, Torney made five yards, but on the next, West Point was penalized fifteen yards. Then they tried a wonderful fake kick never known to fail. Torney chewed turf for two yards on it, but had to kick on the following play. The best he could do was twenty-five yards and out of bounds.

West Point was penalized five yards. Smith battered center for one yard, and Grady followed with excellent support for six yards. Smith found center watching and failed to gain, while Spencer clipped off ten yards around the end. The next play netted but one yard and Norton's quarter back kick was blocked. Thus it became Army's ball on Navy's forty yard line. Then began the famous West Point attack. Doe, by superhuman effort, made a gain of eighteen inches; in retaliation, the invincible Torney was ushered back for one and a half feet. Then he kicked. Howard made a quick kick, and Gary ran ball back a few yards and fumbled. Grady tumbled on it. And so the story goes until Tipton did his stunt. In receiving a punt, there was a fumble, and Tipton, running from behind, booted the ball toward the Navy goal. With coolest judgment he followed it up leading Spencer by about three yards. Again he kicked it, and catching it on a bounce, ran behind the goal for a touchdown. Doe failed at goal. Then came one of the most dogged battles in the history of the game. For a net distance of forty yards, it required twenty-two minutes of hard bucking and soul raking defense. The longest gain was three yards. Five times the tape was called for to measure the distance—usually made by about four inches. Finally Torney made a touchdown and Doe kicked goal. Score, 11—0.

Exchanging punts in which Howard had the advantage occupied the remainder of this half.

The second half will long be remembered by lovers of nerve and endurance. Such a display as they witnessed has never been excelled and seldom equaled. The Army, having advantage of a stiff wind, punted frequently, although not until their hardest attempts to make their distance had proven fruitless. Time after time would the Army backs hurl themselves against the Navy line, only to be thrown back and wonder why. Her defense was at best intermittent, and her vaunted offense was rapidly crumbling to naught. Wilcox, Bernard and Ghormley replaced Norton, Spencer and Smith, and with fresh blood injected, the Navy began to make things hum. It culminated in a forty yard run by Doherty—the most spectacular feature of the game, excepting possibly, the Army's first score. This added to gains by Wilcox, Bernard and Piersol in quick succession, amounted to sixty-one yards gained in less than five minutes.

However, a quarterback kick gave West Point the ball, and the remainder of the game was for the most part, a punting contest. The advantage of this half was with the Navy although she was unable to score. Time was called, score, Army 11, Navy 0.

Thus was the battle fought, and thus were our beloved Blue and Gold replaced in their own and rightful position—replaced by the nerve, endurance and brawn of the Navy team. That team played ball and fought to the end in a glorious manner, and each one deserves the "Well done thou good and faithful servant:" for the Army has seen the handwriting on the wall, and must submit to the inevitable.

Line-up.

ARMY		NAVY
HAMMOND	Left End	HOWARD
DOE (CAPTAIN)	Left Tackle	FARLEY (CAPTAIN)
ERWIN	Left Guard	GOSS
TIPTON	Center	MCCLINTIC
SEAGRAVES	Right Guard	PIERSOL
METTLER	Right Tackle	{ GRADY
		{ WOODWORTH
GILLESPIE	Right End	{ WHITING
		{ DAGUE
GARY	Quarter Back	{ NORTON
		{ WILCOX
PRINCE	Left Half	{ SPENCER
		{ BERNARD
HILL	Right Half	DOHERTY
TORNEY }	Full	{ SMITH
WATKINS }		{ GHORMLEY



Courtesy of Leslie's Weekly.

THE BOAT CREW.

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The Crew Season.



AFTER two years of disastrous rowing on the Severn, Navy began last spring to win back her old place among college crews. The policy of changing coaches had, by last year, developed a stroke terrible to bet upon, so that it was not until the middle of our rather early racing season that Mr. Richard Glendon, who had charge of the rowing squad was able to whip his two eights into winning shape.

Although our first crew was hopelessly beaten by Penn 'Varsity in the first race, the successful issue of the second crew-Freshman race to some extent retrieved the day. By May 7th, when Yale came down, the crew was beginning to learn the game and that race in the dark was so close as to be almost doubtful; indeed it was almost as encouraging as a victory.

Two weeks more of coaching found the crews in such good condition that the double race with Georgetown resulted in a double victory for the old Gold and Blue in the fastest time ever made on this course.

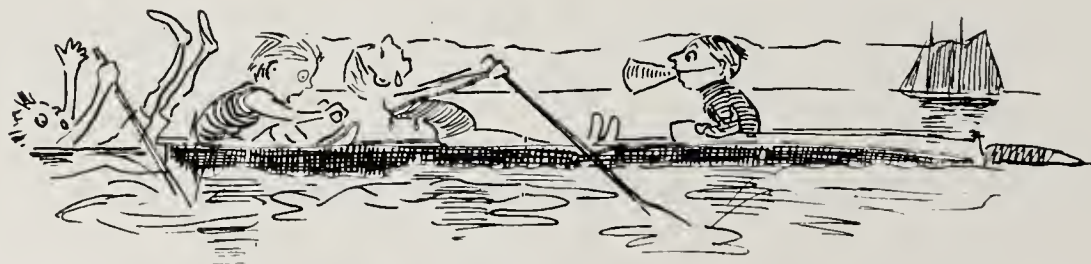
The races and time were:

Navy First	vs. Pennsylvania 'Varsity	Won by Penn. 3 lengths	10:37
	vs. Yale College	Yale $\frac{1}{4}$ length	10:31
	vs. Georgetown 'Varsity	Navy $\frac{1}{2}$ length	9:38
Navy Second	vs. Pennsylvania Freshmen	Navy $\frac{1}{2}$ length	10:51
	vs. Georgetown Second	Navy $\frac{1}{4}$ length	9:41

Encouraged by the work of last spring, and by the fact that Coach Glendon, whose services have been secured for another year, will have practically a squad of veterans to work with, we expect to turn out a completely successful crew in the spring of 1905. Crew work alone, of all the athletics of the Navy, enters into competition with only the first-class (considered from a standpoint of athletics) colleges in the country.

The apparently bad showing made by the crew last spring, when examined, shows that the Navy was more competent in crew work than in any other branch, to try conclusions with such rivals as Pennsylvania, Georgetown and Yale. Next year Columbia will appear in the list of races, and, we hope, in the list of conquests. Owing to our Summer cruise putting an end so soon to the rowing season, Navy crews and their rivals are never in final condition, and the time of races suffers accordingly, and comparing results of these and later races does not lead to sure conclusions.

Navy expects soon, however, to occupy her rightful position, at the top of college aquatics.



Baseball Squad 1904.



G. C. PEGRAM, Captain.
W. E. EBERLE, Manager.
C. C. HARTIGAN, Asst. Manager.

PEGRAM, 1st Base.
SPOFFORD, Right Field.
MCWHORTER, 2d Base.
HUGHES, Pitcher.
GILL, Short Stop.
THEOBALD, 3d Base.
COHEN, Center Field.
GOLDTHWAITE, Left Field.
NEEDHAM, Pitcher.
STILES, Catcher.

Substitues.

CULP. SPENCER.
FIELD. THIBAULT.
VAN AUKEN. SYMINGTON.





BASEBALL TEAM.



The Baseball Season of 1904.



WHEN the early work for baseball began in the gymnasium last winter the prospects for a team were not very promising. Only three men of last year's team were left; and of course, nothing could be told of the raw material until they were tried out on the field. As soon as the weather permitted, all were given a trial and the squad picked for the year. Things looked rather bad for our first game, as the weather did not allow us to do outdoor work until two days before the opening of the season. But under the able coaching of Clarke in these two days a team was picked and started working together. Notwithstanding the unsettled



Photos by Mrs. C. R. Miller

condition of the team, it overwhelmingly defeated Gallaudet by the score of 21 to 5. Thus our season started and from the showing made by the new men, gave prospects of a very strong team.

The schedule this year was the longest ever arranged, and out of the nineteen scheduled games we won eleven, making a percentage of 576. Never before has a team gone over the .500 mark.

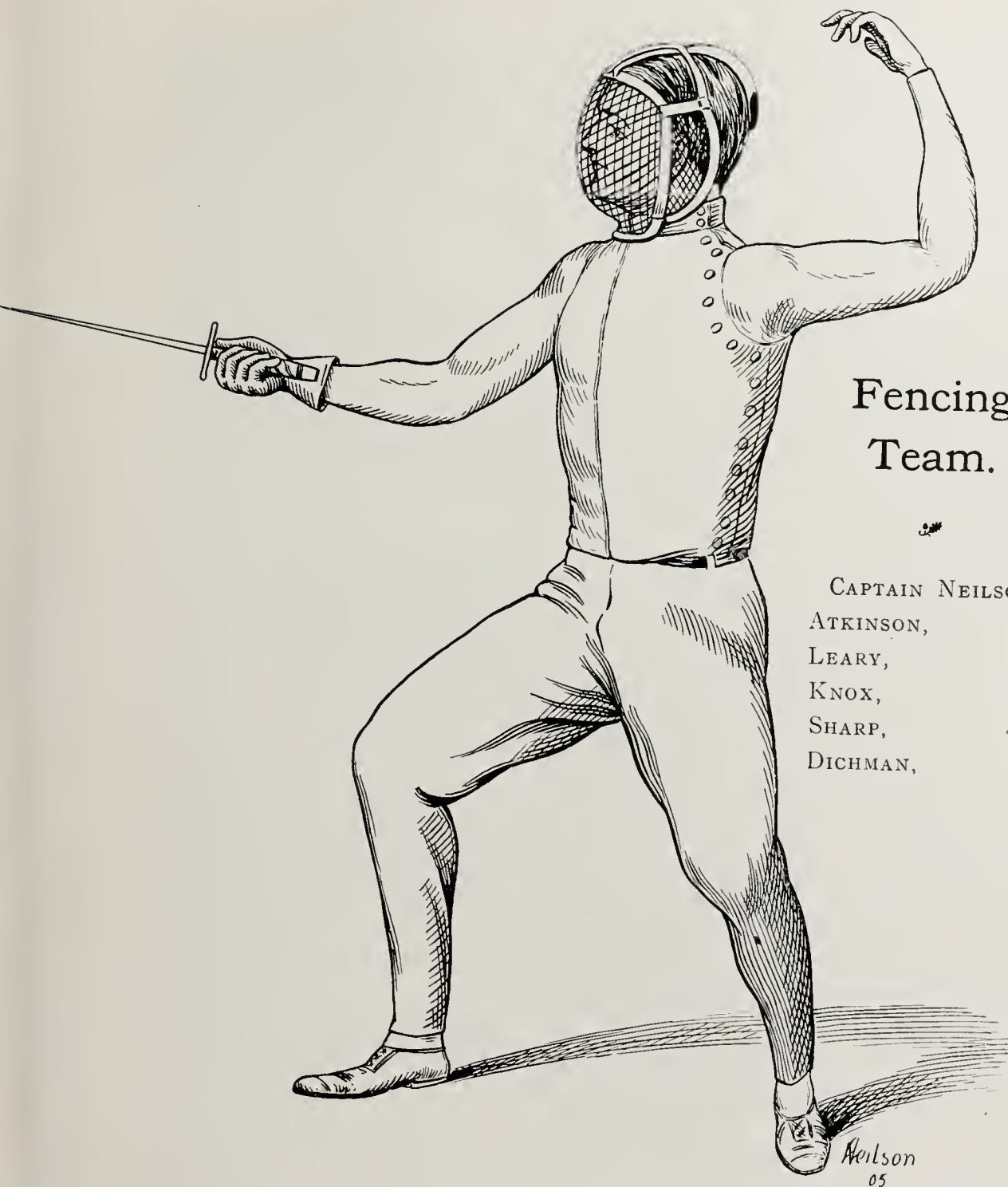
The greatest surprise of the season came on May 14th, when we played the Army. None of our defeats, bitter as they were, could quite equal this one; which came, not only as a surprise to us but also to the Army. We were beaten fairly and squarely, owing to the Army's opportune "bingling" our presentation of passes and lack of opportune hitting.

Thus ended the season of 1904 which, as a whole, was successful. There is only one vacancy to fill next spring, and next year's team bids fair to be a good one in every respect.

Schedule.

		TEAMS.	SCORE.	
			NAVY	OPPO.
March	19	Gallaudet	21	5
	23	University of Maryland	4	2
	26	Columbian College	15	1
April	1	Cornell	2	6
	2	Cornell	3	6
	4	Lafayette	5	1
	9	Syracuse	1	11
	11	University of Pennsylvania	0	1
	13	Bucknell	8	2
	16	University of Virginia	4	3
	18	St. John's College	6	4
	21	Harvard	2	10
	23	Washington and Lee	2	1
	27	Dickinson	No	Game.
	30	Maryland Ag. College	13	1
May	4	Maryland A. C.	5	9
	7	7th Regiment	10	2
	11	Georgetown	1	20
	14	West Point	2	8
			<hr/>	<hr/>
			104	93





Fencing Team.

- CAPTAIN NEILSON
ATKINSON, '05
LEARY, '05
KNOX, '06
SHARP, '06
DICHMAN, '07



FENCING TEAM.

Fencing.

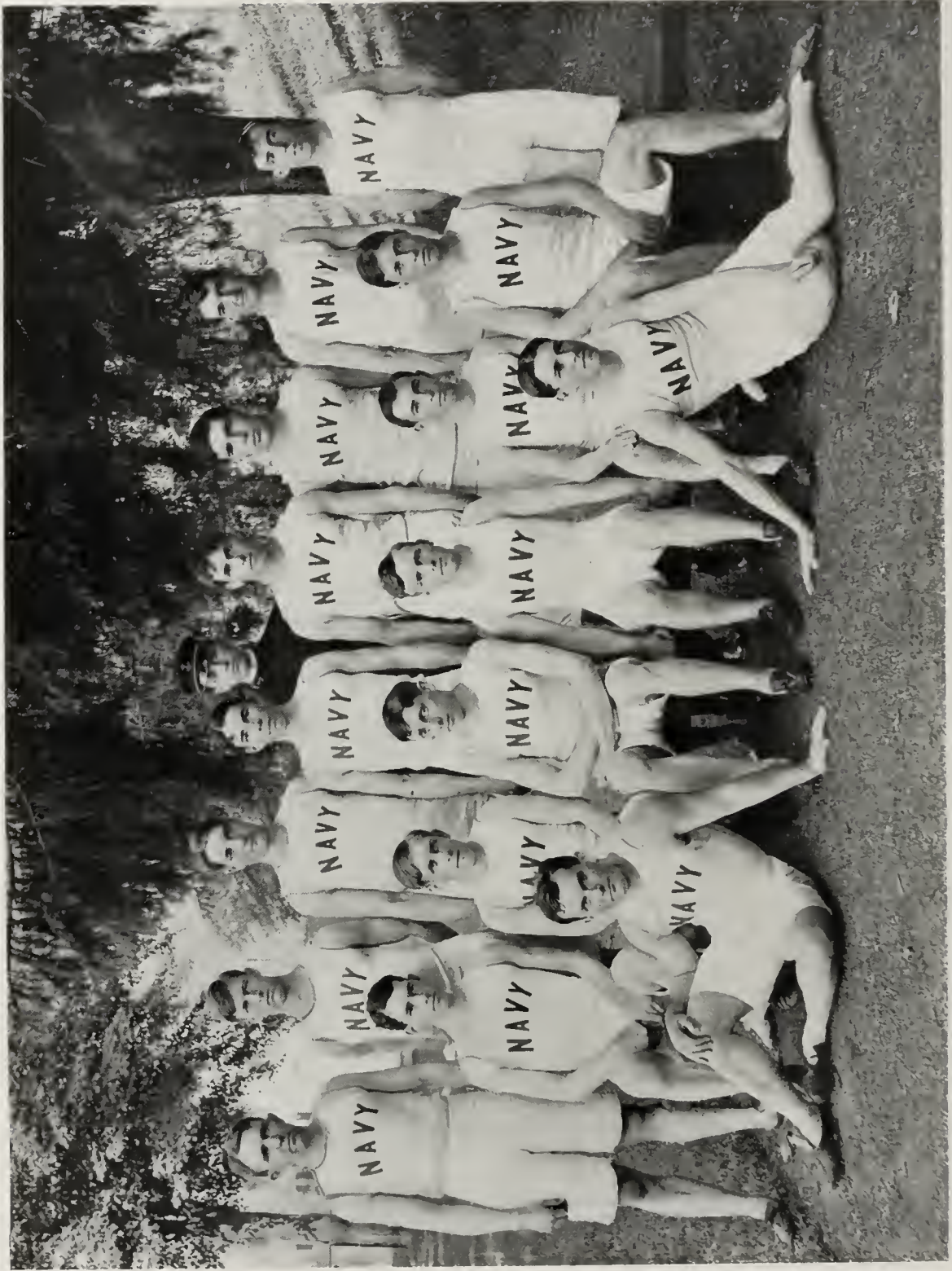


THE year of 1904 has been a successful one for the fencing team, in spite of the fact that they did not win the Intercollegiate. Successful because they had more outside meets than ever before; and, with the exception of the veterans of the New York Turn Verein, defeated all with whom they fenced. The teams defeated were: Baltimore Fencers Club, Washington Fencers Club, Philadelphia Fencers Club, Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, and a team from Boston Tech, composed of our captains of 1900 and 1902 and another member of the championship team of 1900. Our greatest disappointment came when we did not win the Intercollegiate meet at New York, for it was for this that the team had been working hard since their "Plebe" year. Our greatest ambition had been to defeat West Point and rescue the trophy from our soldier rivals. This year, however, the team will have two of last year's men who have had a year's experience and know just what to expect and how to overcome most of the difficulties.

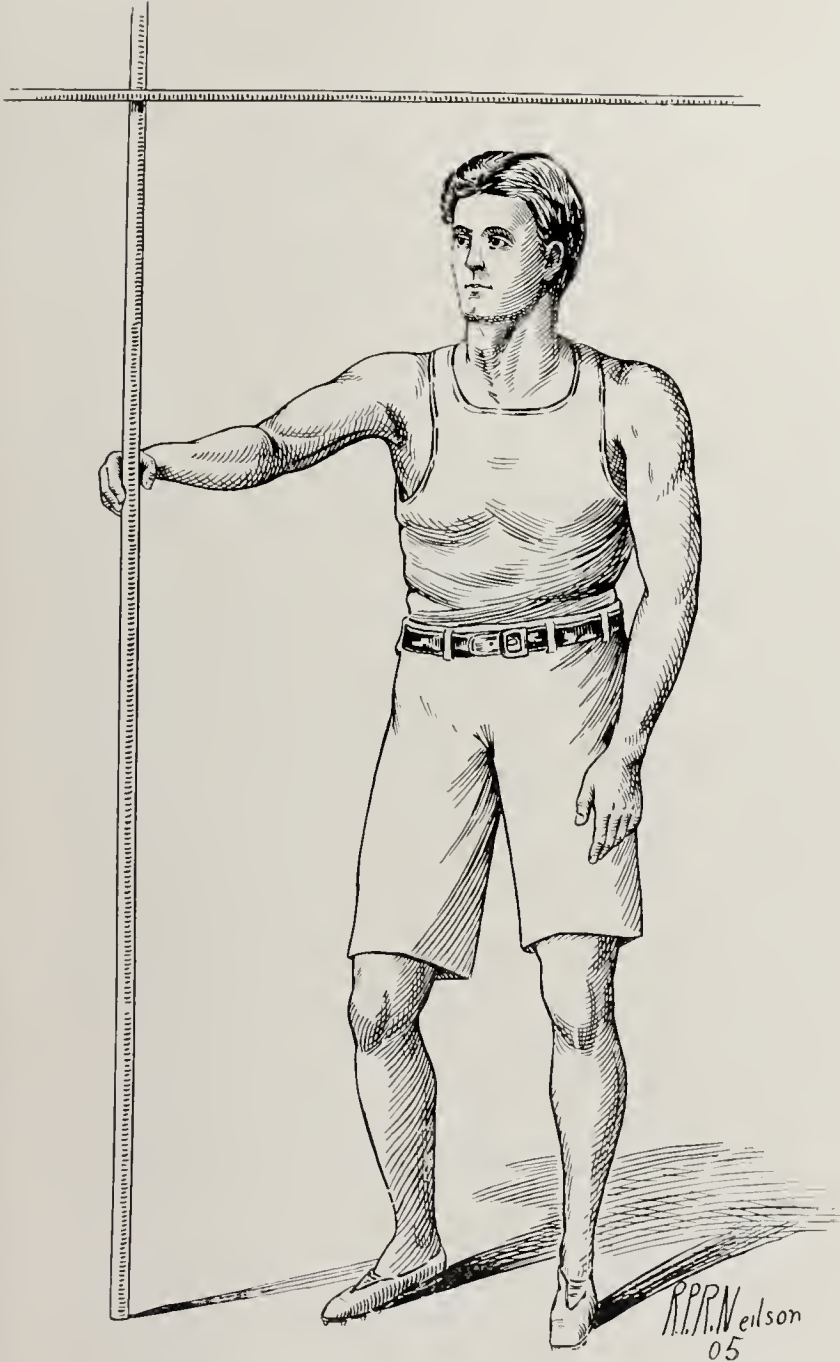
Fencing during the past year has been helped more than ever before; and, considering that it is hard indoor work from one end of the year to the other and that the practice affords little or no pleasure to outsiders, who do not understand it, a great deal of thanks is due those who have taken a real interest in the team. Probably more is due Mr. Cunningham than anyone else on account of his energy and interest in the team from the start. What we must have, or rather continue to have is spirit, for it is this spirit that is the foundation of all success in athletics.

Before closing let us all extend our thanks to Professor Corbesier and his three able assistants for all that they have taught us about fencing and for what their work is going to show next spring.





TRACK TEAM.



Track Team.

CAPTAIN SWEENEY	'05
MGR. TOWNSEND, L. W.	
FERGUSON,	'05
CARTER, A. F.,	'05
BAGGALEY,	'05
AIKEN,	'06
COFFIN,	'06
DELANO,	'06
DECKER,	'06
DOHERTY,	'06
OLDING,	'06
TAFFINDER,	'06
WASHBURN,	'06
ABBETT,	'07
CHAMBERS,	'07
CLAY,	'07
LAUMAN,	'07
INGRAM,	'07



Track.

J. C. SWEENEY, Captain.

L. W. TOWNSEND, Manager.

FOR any branch of athletics to succeed, it is necessary that interest be taken in it by the Brigade of Midshipmen and by the Officers at the Academy. Where no competition with outside teams exists this is next to impossible. Such a state of affairs had been the rule in track athletics until our first dual meet was held with Lafayette.

Although competing against a more experienced team, our men won on their own merits, and showed that a good track team at the Academy is not only a possibility but a reality. It is to be hoped that a meet with West Point will be one of the results of this good showing.

At both the Interclass and Lafayette meets, all events were closely contested and good time was made. Few records were broken, largely due to the poor condition of the track; but the men ran in better form than ever before. With the new track and greater opportunities for outside meets, the track team will become a great factor in athletics.

Meets.

INTERCLASS MEET.			LAFAYETTE MEET.		
WINNER.		TIME.	EVENT.	TIME.	WINNER.
WILLIAMS,	.	10s	Hundred,	10s	WILLIAMS, N.
WILLIAMS,	.	24s	Two-Twenty,	23s	COLLITON, L.
DECKER,	.	17s	One-Twenty Hurdle,	16s	DECKER, N.
DECKER,	.	30s	Two-Twenty Hurdle,	28s	DECKER, N.
SWEENEY,	.	56s	Quarter,	53s	COLLITON, L.
DELANO,	.	2m 12s	Half,	2m 08s	DELANO, N.
FERGUSON,	.	5m 3s	Mile,	4m 55s	PARSONS, L.
LAUMAN,	.	5m 4s	High Jump,	5m 6s	TAFFINDER, N.
DECKER,	.	19m 3s	Broad Jump,	19m 11s	CLARK, L.
CLAY,	.	9m 6s	Pole Vault,	9m 8s	COLLITON, L.
CHAMBERS,	.	35m	Shot Put,	36m 4s	CHAMBERS, N.
DOHERTY,	.	95m	Hammer,	99m 10s	DOHERTY, N.
Class Relay won by 1905; time, 3m 54s.			Company Relay won by Seventh Company.		

Rifle Team.



McCLINTIC, '05, CAPTAIN.

BORDER '05
STOTT '05

HAYNE '05
WILCOX '05

LASSING '05
AMSDEN '07

THE first thought of a rifle team occurred to us when we heard through the President of the National Rifle Association that very probably a match could be arranged between the two National Academies at West Point and Annapolis, and our chief object in organizing was to be prepared to meet the army should the match be arranged.

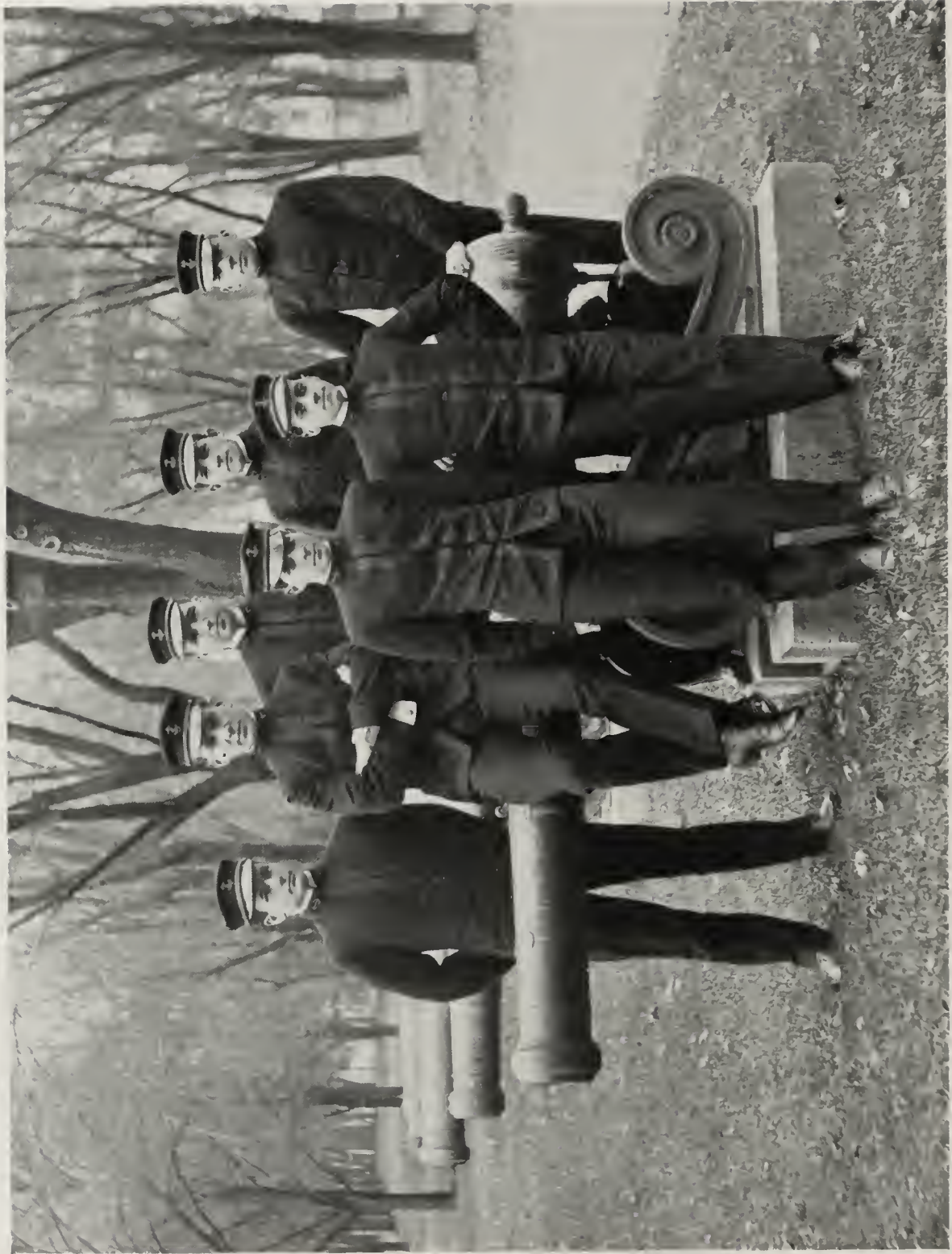
The organization of the team was undertaken under particularly discouraging circumstances. The authorities had to be persuaded in favor of a new venture, and going to and from the range took up nearly all our recreation hours, almost to the exclusion of practice. When the call for candidates was finally issued, however, a large number responded, and we undertook to pick out the best team. Here again was a problem to solve and little time for doing it. We started by getting permission from the Commandant to have about six excused from drill each day. By successive trial we eventually picked out the six members of the team.

We had to adapt ourselves to circumstances and go to the range whenever we could, being excused from drill only once a week. We were working more or less on an uncertainty, and indeed we shortly received notice from West Point, through the National Rifle Association, that they could not meet us under any circumstances. With the chief aim of our practice thus removed, there seemed nothing left to keep up interest in the team. We succeeded, however, in getting a match with the Maryland National Guard Team. This meet came off during the latter part of May, and consisted of a string of ten shots with two sighting shots for each man, from the 200 and 500 yard ranges.

From the 200, the scores were very close; but at 500 yards, their more extended practice told in their favor, as they won by a safe margin.

The Navy Rifle Team, however, need not be ashamed of this defeat at the hands of a team that stood well up in the National match at Sea Girt, 1903.

The history of the team would not be complete without the acknowledgement of the services of Lt. Thomas C. Hart, U. S. N., to whose untiring efforts in our behalf and hearty co-operation with our plans is largely due the success that attended our effort. We wish also to express our thanks to Lt. Comdr. W. F. Fullam, U. S. N., for the use of the rifles and range, without which, of course, our efforts would have been futile.



RIFLE TEAM.

Midshipmen Entitled to Wear "N" or "N" 2nd.

Yellow N, Football.

WHITING,	'05	DOWELL,	'05	HOWARD,	'06	DECKER,	'06
FARLEY,	'05	Goss,	'05	GRADY,	'06	McCONNELL,	'07
STRASSBURGER,	'05	McCLINTIC,	'05	DOHERTY,	'06	CHAMBERS,	'07
ROOT,	'05	REES,	'06	METCALF,	'06	SPENCER,	'07
WILCOX,	'05	AIKEN,	'06	SMITH, R. F.,	'06	PIERSOL,	'08

N 2nd, Football.

BAGGALEY,	'05	KEENE,	'05	MARTIN,	'07	LAIRD,	'07
DURR,	'05	REICHMUTH,	'06	NEEDHAM,	'07	O'BRIEN,	'07
McCANDLESS,	'05	HICKEY,	'06	McKINNEY,	'07	JONES,	'07

White N, Baseball.

PEGRAM,	'05	McWHORTER,	'06	THEOBALD,	'07	COHEN,	'07
SPOFFORD,	'06	HUGHES,	'06	GILL,	'07	STILES,	'07
		NEEDHAM,	'07	GOLDTHWAITE,	'07		

N 2nd, Baseball.

CULP,	'05	WOODS,	'05	HALL, W. A.,	'06	SYMINGTON,	'07
ELLYSON,	'05	RUSSELL,	'06	THIBAULT,	'07	VAN AUKEN,	'07
		FIELD,	'06	SPENCER,	'07		

Red N, Crew.

NIMITZ, C. W.,	'05	COURT, A. B.,	'05	BRAINARD,	'06	BATTLE,	'06
Goss, N. H.,	'05	STOTT, A. C.,	'05	CAUSEY,	'06	BRADLEY,	'07
LAIRD, H. C.,	'05	TAFFINDER,	'06	JENSEN,	'06	HOOVER,	'07

N 2nd, Crew.

GREEN, B. H.,	'05	CABANISS,	'06	GLASSFORD,	'06	ADAMS, L.,	'07
BARTLETT, O.,	'06	PENCE,	'06	HARTER,	'06	JOHNSON E. F.,	'07
		HORNER,	'07				

Grey N, Fencing.

NEILSON,	'05	ATKINSON,	'05	KNOX,	'06	DICHMAN,	'07
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N 2nd, Fencing.

LEARY, '05

Green N, Track.

SWEENEY,	'05	DECKER,	'06	DELANO,	'06	CHAMBERS,	'07
WILLIAMS, J. R.	'06	DOHERTY,	'06	TAFFINDER,	'06		







J. M. GACKER

Excelsior Revised.



The sound of taps had died at last
When down the corridor there passed
A youth, who bore a piece of ice,
And bottle with this strange device
 "One quart of rye."

His brow was clear; his eye betrayed
The joy this lovely treasure made;
And with a stealthy tread he bore,
Unto the very topmost floor,
 His quart of rye.

The envious tempted him to pause,
The godly threatened him with laws.
But none were able to prevent,
And into him full soon there went
 This quart of rye.

At middle night the gyrene woke
To find quite near some bottles broke,
And wasted on the floor around
Midst dust and scattered glass he found
 One gill of rye.

Ah me! upon the following day
Two fair young middies sailed away
Upon a quite extended cruise
For carelessness in wasting booze,
 And such good rye.

In Gratitude.



THE members of the class of 1905, who were fortunate enough to be assigned to the United States Ships Arkansas and Nevada during the summer of 1904, and especially for the trip up the Potomac, desire to express to the officers of those ships their sincerest gratitude for the courteous treatment received on board. On no cruise that we have ever taken, and we have taken several, were midshipmen treated with as much consideration by every officer on board ship, and in no connection have we met with a more sympathetic system of instruction. The trip up the Potomac will be remembered always as the pleasantest part of our Academic career, and we take this opportunity of saluting with the deepest gratitude the captains and the officers of the U. S. S. Arkansas and Nevada.



The Prodigal Son.

(With apologies to all hands and the Cook.)



1. And he took his portion, and went down unto a preparatory school, in a far city, and spent all of his substance in riotous living.

2. So that at the end he did go and bind himself out as a midshipman and was fain to eat the husks that the "boys" did leave.

3. And when at last he came unto himself, he said: "In my father's firm are many partners, and the least of these hath enough and to spare.

4. I will sit down and write unto my father,

5. Saying, 'Father, I have spent all my shekels and thine likewise, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

6. Make me as one of thy stockholders.'"

7. But his father heard him yet a great way off,

8. And ran and fell upon him and beat him and cried, saying:

9. "This was my son, which was rich and is broke, is gone and shall stay gone.

10. Bring forth the blue uniform and put upon him, and kill the Navy goat, that he may be made to eat a stew."

11. And so he called the sheriff and the constable, and bade them come and make merry with him that they were rid of this spendthrift.

RINGLE.—Mr. Woodson, describe the De Bange gas check.

SAL.—Well-er-er-sir, it's composed of a mixture of 20 per cent glycerine and 10 per cent tallow.

RINGLE.—Heat it to a white heat, I presume, to keep the guns from melting.

WOODSON.—No-oo-sir, not heat it at all.

RINGLE.—Well, Mr. Woodson, they have never adopted that gas check in our service yet and I hope they don't adopt it until I get out.

Books Lent to the Committee for Reference.



[Read at least the ones marked *]

HOW TO GREASE CLEARLY.	By [C. R.] Mildred.
A LEAP IN THE DARK: OR IN PURSUIT OF THE LIBERTY BOAT.	By Boy Eklundt.
HAND BOOK FOR CAPTAIN'S CLERKS.	By H. Screecherwin.
KARTER'S KILLING KEELY KURE.	By Knix.
MYSTERY OF THE OPTIC CARD.	By Gaddon-Gordis.
PROBLEMS, NOTES AND SKETCHES ON HAYMAKING.	By Gossovitch.
HOUSE BOAT ON THE SEVERN.	By Blasdoodle.
WALL SCALING AS APPLIED TO SQUADS.	By B. Light.
THE HEARTSHIPS OF A LIGHT HOUSE TENDER.	By Franko Hugenberger.
NOTES ON MARINE PROPULSION.	By Mike Gyreneson.
* * * * *	
STEAM ENGINES I HAVE KNOWN.	By Abilstot.
DURABILITY OF PARADE CAPS, WITH EXAMPLES.	By Jesse James.
HOT AIR NOTES ON TURBINE TORPEDOES.	By Creegan L'Sappe.
TRAINING OF BARRYTONES.	By Plug C.
WHAT'S IN THE BOOK—VOLS. I, II, III, IV and V.	By Spookervine.
MIDDLE AGED LOVE STORIES.	By Little Albert.
THE MYSTERY OF THE SAILING PARTY: OR WHO SWIPED THE LUNCH?	By Orlafder.
GREAT CICLE SAILING AROUND HURRY MILL, AND }	By Haynz.
PARALLEL SAILING AROUND HURRY MILL. }	By Spudz.
M-Y—H-O-R-N—. THAT'S THE WAY TO SPELL COOKIE (Humorous.)	By Artie Byron.
HOW TO WIELD THE BIG STICK.	A. Rusenfelt Bagdad.

A Bunch of stripes hanging high,
A crowd of Middies standing by,
Each man got a pair.
And left Old Hiram standing there.

Dynergwats.



UNIT OF SAVOIR. Defined as that amount which, expanded over fifteen minutes of examination time, gives to the class a wrong interpretation of the fourth question. This is called a Melog.

UNIT OF EXERTION. That quality, called a Brédì, which is necessary to put forth in order to translate a Department Gow gouge.





THE OLD CHAPEL







THE NEW CHAPEL

While the Dog Howled.



I.

The hopes of all were in full blast
When round the section room there passed
Tips galore for the steam exam,
Which many foolish ones did cram.

III.

Soon he would write the steam exam,
And he looked meek as any lamb,
Five minutes are enough, he said,
To work the whole thing in one's head.

V.

But—
Bone like mad Geneva stops,
Cordelier for making mops,
Swash plates, worm wheels, knuckle joints;
For these are most important points.

II.

Old Red was in the greatest glee
To put the middies all at sea;
He laughed until his sides most split
To see how easily they bit.

IV.

He told a little fairy tale,
Not to study till we were pale
The differential pulley blocks,
Ferguson's simple paradox.

VI.

Slit bars, pitch cones, going fusees
Which put some sections on the trees,
Escapements, worm wheels, tangent screw,
Of these you'll surely get a few.

VII.

Velocities with varying rates,
Some surface plates that were not mates,
Strains on belting, four bar motion,
Puzzles made to suit Red's notion.

VIII.



And lo! behold the next day here
On that exam there was no cheer.
And many swore with might and main.
— — I've busted cold again.

IX.

But on the cruise the truth came out,
It was not Red that caused the rout,
J. K. had changed the whole exam
So all we now can say is —.





 's Are Trumps for Men,
But  's Are Trumps For Bachelors.



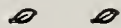
THERE were once five rooms in a row in Annex C. Nothing remarkable about that, but what's more, one man in each room was afflicted with Abilstoticus, an affection of the heart. To each individual "she" each respective "he" would compose epistles both day and night, and for each epistle would bum stamps. The five roommates in self-defense formed a Bachelor's Club. At 9.30 they would ramble from room to room to tell their funniest stories and to sympathize with the afflicted occupant. Sometimes they beat hasty retreats inspired by the sudden one-half $m v^2$ of a pair of fourteens; at other times they would sell out for crackers, cheese, and a smoke.

As June week approached, the hearts of the married men became glad with the thought of prospective promenades, and tête-à-têtes. The bachelors were determined not to be left out. So they decided to have a club girl, with whom all could feel free to have a club date, without compunctions about "butting in."

As a preventive measure, it was decided that three should constitute a quorum. The second day after finding and notifying the girl, one of the club proposed that the number necessary for a quorum be reduced to one. As the proposal was made to himself, it was met with no objection. Thus was the breach opened which eventually disbanded the Bachelors. The friendly spirit was conspicuously absent when more than the amended quorum was present, although to their credit, they worked together to cut out the second classman.

The night before she left, she had dates for 9.30 with the five. Three got lost in the crowd, but the other two became lost over by the Japanese bell.

MORAL: Don't expect a man to play fair when he's on the Santee.



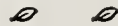
One time there was a tow-haired Siamee twin who felt manly. He was encouraged by a little Clingseed Peach who thought him a Devil. He always had his Reinhart's creased, and had had his Buffham struck at intervals.

But one day when he was hard worked, he had an inspiration: "Why not," thought he, "have some one to do my menial labor; I am better fitted for the head work." So he resolved that next time he took an observation of his star, there would be some one to mark time—and see to the chaperon.

He found an old man who seemed to be a pocket edition of Father Time. His wrinkled face gave off an expression of sadness that indicated a checkered career, and he was generally known to have had a past.

Unfortunately for him, the Siamee thought he was safe. The old man's recollections of younger days out West worked wonders with him. He became as spry as a two year old. Soon he assumed the role of a vessel acting singly, and the Siamee was left in the cold.

MORAL.—If he is from Missouri, you may have to show him.



Once on a time there was a gay young Lothario who wore blue clothes. His hair was slick as a whistle and he had a commanding presence. In society, he toned down his voice and made quite a hit.

This chap was thought to be an easy mark by every one who had goods to sell on credit. Non-reg. clothes were always uniform, low quarter pats were the only shoes he could wear—he even owned a non-reg. reefer.

The last few months he was besieged by mail. Every day a bunch of Dreka's would be left in his room for his perusal. They always brought a long grin to his countenance.

On graduation day, as soon as he received his diploma, out to the main gate he loped. But some one was hot on his trail. The tailor caught him, and to his assistance came the butcher, baker and candlestick maker. When they finished him, well he may get over it, but he'll never be the same.





Geo W Barrett
1894

To the Navy Girl.



Oh Navy Girl! Here's a toast to you
With your hair of brown and your eyes of blue,
With your smart little figure and smile serene,
The pluckiest, luckiest girl ever seen.

Our Navy Girl! Here's a toast to you—
Maid, Wife, or Widow, you're sure to be true—
If not to all sailors, then to many in one—
E Pluribus Unum, 'til all time is done.

Dear Navy Girl! Here's a toast to you,
'Twould take us an æon to give you your due;
But we love you as only the true sailors can,
And we empty our glasses to you to a man!



Geo. W. Barrett. 04

Alpha Canis Muiroris.

(The Dog Star)



Once a Middy was a-writhing
Where the light grew dim one day;
Almanacs were lying on the floor.
He thought of home and heaven,
And fervently did pray
To be taken to some far and distant shore.
While he knelt thus by his Bowditch
And so fervently did pray,
The tears adown cheeks so furrowed rolled:
But his prayer was never answered
For there in white array,
Came trotting in-- the "savoir" known of old.

Cried he, "Poncé, surely, Poncé,
When you see my woeful plight,
And I beg of you ,wise Poncé,
Please to help me on a right,
Can you fail to give me succor,
Can you fail to work my sight
To the billionth of a second
And to make the answer right?"

Poncé gazed awhile in silence
On the Middy all alone.
Then he sat himself right in the Middy's chair
Straightway, all the woe departed
From that Middy so alone,
And no more did helpless sobbing echo there.
Poncé took the pencil firmly,
And full quickly did he plot
The location of both Sodom and Gomorroh,
Noah's eight a. m. position,
And the traverse course of Lot.
And converted Christmas Day into tomorrow.

Then sage Poncé rose a-smiling
At the Middy, and to cheer,
With an accent quite beguiling
Said he, "Come and have a beer,
For not all the right ascensions
Of the stars that stud the sky
Can quite equal the dimensions
Of a Middy, when he's dry."

And that night in ways of fancy,
Strolled the Middy now serene;
Dreaming of sagacious Poncé,
And the things that he had seen,
P. Work now is reckoned truly,
As but play for evermore,
With dear Poncé at the pencil
And Ephemeris on the floor.
Now the Middy's father chuckles
At the good reports that come,
And he thinks his son a "savoir,"
So he sends his son a sum.

REFRAIN.

Potent Poncé, all wise Poncé,
When you see this satellite
Almost suffering occultation,
Kindly set its orbit right.
When it has acute nutation
Guide with thy marvelous might
Till it fades, Oh potent Poncé,
Into day that knows no night.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A tradition obtains at the Naval Academy of a mythical dog, named Poncé, who was accredited with the fabulous power of working out a Navigation Practical Work in twenty minutes. Of course this is past belief, but the story of this marvelous animal has passed into a proverb and his name is almost as much revered as is that of Tecumseh, the god of 2.5.



PROF. ZIMMERMAN.

WE owe a great many thanks to Prof. Zimmerman and his band; whether it be at a football game, or a drill or a hop, we could not get along without them. True, if they did not play in the mornings we might have stood a little higher last spring; but we were never sorry we listened.



THE BAND.

Foolish Dictionary of Slang.



- Ann**, n. [From Latin, "a" meaning away and "n," meaning numbers.]
 (1) Hence, numbers away.
 (2) The examination that sends numbers away.
- Bat**, v. t. (1) Abbreviation for battology, meaning a repetition of the words of the book.
 (2) To do properly.
- Bare a hand**. (1) Something very unlucky.
 (2) To take a hand from trousers pocket.
 (3) To be quick.
- Belay**, v. t. [From the Danish "Legger," to make fast.]
 (1) Hence, a boarding school for girls.
 (2) To cease.
- Bilge**, n. Of a cask, that part which sticks out. v. (Academy). Not to stick it out; to fail and have to resign.
- Bilger**, n. One who gets stuck out.
- Bone**, v. t. [From F. "borgne" meaning one eyed.]
 (1) To study until you are sharp as a needle, and one eyed.
- Boy**, n., common. [From F. "bayou," meaning trench] [or corrupted, drench.]
 (1) Hence, one who spills soup down the neck of your dress jacket at Sunday dinner.
 (2) A mozo, servant.
- Brace**, n. v. [From L. "bracchia," meaning arm.]
 (1) That which holds anything tightly, or as a prop. Example—Dress trousers.
 (2) To stand erect.
- Bust**, n. [F. "buste," a box.]
 (1) To be in a box. Hence, to write to two girls and put the letters in the wrong envelopes.
 (2) A failure; hence, (1) To box the compass a la "Whale Oil." (2) To blow a bugle.
- Buzzard**, n. [L. "buteo," a scavenger.] One who gets what the stripers leave. Hence, the insignia of a Petty Officer.
- Canned Willie**, n. [F. "kanar," a false report, and A. S. "wcal," well-fare].
 (1) Hence, very bad fare, on which the O. C. remarks "Very Good."
 (2) Corned Beef.
- Christmas Tree**, n. [Webster's Dictionary, a small evergreen tree, set up indoors at Christmas, decorated with bonbons, presents, etc., and illuminated] with the not over-brilliant lights of all classes.
- Cit**, n. [A. S. "sit,"] one who sits on the seat of his trousers.
 (1) A professor or instructor who is not a graduate of the Academy.
 (2) Any civilian.
- Cits**, n. [Gr. "K o m m o," meaning pause.]
 (1) A pause between the Colonial and the Santee.
 (2) Civilian's clothing.
- Clean Sleever**, n. [A. S. "clene," entirely, and "slefe," clothed, covered.]
 (1) Hence one entirely covered—in bed—at breakfast formation.
 (2) A first classman reduced to ranks.
- Cold**, adj. [Gr. "Kalt," frost].
 (1) In recitation to make a frost; to bust cold, to make a cold 4.00.
- Cook**, n. [A. B. "Kook," loving.]
 (1) One who acts in a loving way towards ladies.
- Cook**, v. [Naval Academy origin—to excel some one.]
 (1) Hence, to be warm on known answers.
 (2) To force an answer to a problem.
- Court**, n. [L. "cors," an entire enclosure.]
 (1) Hence, the whole yard.
 (2) In modern usage the coefficient of grease, adopted by the Academic Board. 1 court-10 units in the W. H. B. system.
- Date**, n. [A fruit—something plucked from the skinny tree, often associated with peaches.]
 (2) An engagement for trysting or anything else.
- Devil**, n. [A. S. "doeful," to throw over.]
 (1) Hence, one who throws one over when he finds another who likes another.
 (2) A jollier.
 (3) An old rascal mentioned in the Bible and reported engaged to four different girls in the yard.
- Dewberry**, n. [L. "devorere," to attach, and berry, a fruit.]
 (1) A middy who attaches himself to another's fruit,

$$\text{Date} \text{ -- dewberry} = \frac{\text{dewberry}}{\text{date}} = \text{crowd.}$$
- Drag**, n. [O. E. "dragger," to draw, to pull.]
 (1) That which makes much from nothing.
 (2) An inhale from a cigarette.
 (3) Drag a femme:—to escort a lady.

- Exam.**, n. [L. "ex," meaning from, and Gr. "d u o i," (amfi) meaning around.]
 (1) That which takes us from around the Academy.
- Femme**, n. [Gr. word meaning, existing a day.]
 (1) The love of a midshipman.
 (2) A female.
- Fiend**, n. [A. S. "feon," to scorn.]
 (1) The head of a Department.
 (2) One who scorns advice or precept on any subject.
 (3) One who "bats" a thing hard.
- Fierce**, adj. [L. "ferus," meaning fecl.]
 (1) Hence, any sewing a midshipman does.
 (2) The superlative degree of any thing.
- Frap**, v. t. [F. "frapper," to strike, to hit.]
 (1) Hence, to smear in de mush wid a hot potoot.
 (2) To hit a tree, the pap, etc.
- French**, v. [L. "fracasso," tumult. turmoil.]
 (1) Hence, to cause a tumult outside and turmoil inside.
 (2) The shortest distance between two points, Annapolis and the Santee.
 (3) To leave the Academic limits without authority.
- Function**, n. [L. "functio," to perform.]
 (1) Archaic usage—One who performed any duty or bidding. Now means, who enjoys every privilegc.
 A May plebe before graduation day.
- Gangway**, n. [A. S. "gang," going -+ way.]
 (1) Merely a difference of conduct grade. The first grade goes over the gangway on liberty—all other grades over the chains.
 (2) Get out of the way.
- Gold Brick**, n. [A. S. "gold," money and F. brique, clay.]
 (1) The currency used to pay society's debts. One who makes her escort feel like 15c made out of clay.
 (2) A girl who is not pretty, can't dance, and can't talk.
- Gouge**, n. (obsolete). The sin of our forefathers that is not visited on the children. For definition see any former "Lucky Bag."
- Grease**, n. [F. "graisse," the whole.]
 (1) Being the whole smear with others—especially those high in authority.
 (2) Drag, pull.
- Grease**, v. t. To secure the sleek appearance of somebody's fur by rubbing it the right way.
- Greaser**, n. [A. S. "grasian," to play, to feed.]
 (1) One who plays with an officer's baby and feeds in his house on Sunday.
 (2) A shower of show.
 (3) A parasite.
- Gun-deck Sight**, n. (1) "Looking backwards." An altitude computed from the Navigator's sight.
- Gym**, n. [L. "gymnasia," naked.]
 (1) A place where people exercise naked.
 (2) A ten thousand dollar substitute for a bath tub and a wood pile.
 (3) Gymnasium.
- Gyrene**, n. [F. "giron."]
 (1) A subsidiary of binomial germination, inditing high sounding encomiums, and inciting repugnant aversion to homomorphy [Webster.]
 (2) A marine.
- Handsomely**, adv. [A. S. hand -- some.]
 (1) Word used in calling the attention of the ladies to the adjutant in dressing the Brigade when it already has a perfect line. Ex. "Left guide of 12th Company carry your hands back handsomely."
 (2) A verv little; handsome is what Han'som Dan does.
- Hazing**, n. [O. E. "haz," meaning has--ing, meaning something that has been.]
 (1) For definition ask any officer from Admiral to Ensign—they all know,
- Hit**, v. [O. E. "Hitten," to land on.]
 (1) To land on a place, a face, a base, a tree, or a spree.
- Holy Joe**, n. [Of uncertain origin.]
 (1) The fire-escape.
 (2) The sleep inducer.
 (3) The Chaplain.
- Hustler**, n. (1) A clever subterfuge for "scraps."
 (2) The second football team.
- Jump On**, v. t. (1) To land on with both feet.
 (2) To call down.
- Knock**, v. [Gr. "nock," the upper for'd part of a sail.]
 (1) Hence, to land on the upper for'd part of an exam. Syn. To "bat."
- Leave's**, n. (1) Formerly Adam's clothes—now, August's close.
 (2) A furlough.
- Liberty**. (1) The only thing signed for that isn't taken from our accounts.
 (2) Permission to leave the Academy for a few minutes.
- List**, n. [To lean.]
 (1) That which makes lean (by liquid diet)—the sick list.
- Makings**, n. (1) Something "Olaf," "Squirt" and "Stiffy" never have.
 (2) Tobacco and papers.
- Margin**, n. (1) That which insures a broker from loss and that which insures us from being lost.
 (2) An excess in mark over 2.5.
- Math**, n. [Gr. "mahd," meaning to mow.]
 (1) A machine used by the tillers of the youthful mind to mow a wide swath in the green sward.
 (2) Pop's dream.
 (3) Mathematics.

- May Pole**, n. (1) A very popular young lady who visits the Academy once each year and entices many from the place.
(2) A list published each May of those liable to be found deficient at the "anns."
- Mess**, n. [O. E. "mesh," a disagreeable confusion of things.]
(1) There is only one place to go when you leave it—Sick Quarters; and only one way to reach it.
(2) The Midshipmen at the same table in the mess-hall.
- Non-Reg**, adj. (1) Something that makes you have a feeling of being well dressed, even though you are ragged.
(2) Not regulation.
- O. C.**, n. [Abbreviation for ocellus, meaning a little eye.]
(1) A little ocellus is a dangerous thing.
(2) The Officer-in-Charge.
- Pap**, n. (1) The soft food for infants, made by mixing something with official nourishment: *e. g.*, the conduct report.
- Plebe**, n. (1) The first of the Rear Admiral, the middle of the table, the last of the pap.
(2) A fourth classman.
- Posted**. [Perfect participle of post, meaning to travel swiftly.]
(1) Hence, to fly, etc.; to light on a tree.
- Pred**, n. (1) The excuse we have for not being what we are not.
(2) Predecessor.
(3) The man who last held the appointment from the same Congressional district.
- Pull the List**. An expression used to signify that the doctors have been so pushed that they didn't have time to learn the truth.
(2) To hit the sick list without being sick.
- Rag**, v. (1) To catch in misbehavior, whence the phrase "rag time."
(2) To obtain marks from an Instructor's book while his back is turned.
- Rate**, n. (1) Something the railroads never give us.
(2) Rank.
- Reg**, n. [L. "regirse" meaning regardless of looks.]
(1) Hence, anything worn regardless of its looks.
(2) Anything bought from the store or through accepted channels.
- Req**, n. (1) Some people's castles—especially in air on Murray Hill.
(2) A requisition.
(3) A request.
- Rhino**, n. (1) The opposite of Pride—Pride goeth before a fall, Rhino cometh after.
(2) A chronic grumbler, a malcontent.
- Rope Yarn Hash**, n. An addition to the bill of fare to help the Paymaster, he's stringing you when he tells you it's good to eat.
(2) A hash prepared from canned Willie and horse hoofs.
- Running**, p. p. [Forgotten the meaning.]
(1) Hazing.
(2) Joshing.
- Salt Horse**, n. (1) An extinct species of sea animal still fed to Midshipmen.
(2) Canned Willie.
- Sat**, adj. [O. E. "Sate," a position.]
(1) Hence, a position in the navigable semi-circle.
(2) Satisfactory.
- Savez**, adj. [Fr. "souvenirs" to save.]
(1) Hence, saved from the snares of gold brick importers and the lower regions of the relative standing reports.
(2) Bright, capable.
- Semi-an**, n. [L. "Semi," half — Ann, a girl's name.]
(1) Hence, only half a lady.
(2) Semi-Annual Examinations.
- Shake A Leg**. (1) An expression used to signify a sort of dance; hence, an Academy hop.
(2) To hurry up.
- Shake It Up**. (1) What the bar-keep does to the flip, also what the flip does to you.
(2) Same as "shake a leg."
- Shift**, v. (1) A very bad plan—champagne to sherry shift.
(2) To change from one uniform to another.
- Shoot the Sun**. (1) In ancient days a foolish man tried to kill time in this fashion, and the fashion is still kept up at the Academy.
(2) To take the Sun's altitude with a sextant.
- Skinny**, n. (1) An impolite way of saying "She's as fat as a lead pencil."
(2) Physics and Chemistry.
- Slush**, n. (1) A lotion used for the complexion by the stripers.
(2) A superlative form of grease.
- Soak**, v. (1) All hands jump overboard, no soak, no soak—only a difference in spelling.
(2) To vent personal dislike by giving low marks.
- Spoon**, n. [Webster's Dictionary. A kind of bright metallic lure used in fishing.]
(1) Hence, Strassburger bait.
(2) One who befriends a Plebe.
- Spot**. (1) The cradle of evil.
(2) To "rag."
- Squid**, n. (1) A very select club whose members do not indulge in the usual Saturday afternoon pastimes—they sometimes go to a tea party.
(2) The awkward squad.
- Stab**, n. (1) An ever present help in time of trouble—if you hit her.
(2) A wild guess, a bluff.
- Stand By**. (1) What the star-fish says to the flounder when he sees Shipp at the gangway.
(2) An exclamation meaning to look out for something to follow immediately.

Star, n. (1) Something as far away as the heavens, of varying magnitude. By varying the magnitude it affords excellent entertainment. Ex.—An arm full of one star and a bottle full of “three star.”

(2) One who stars.

Star, v. (1) To obtain eighty-five per cent. of the multiple and the privilege of wearing a star on the collar.

Striper, n. [A. S. “strypen,” to plunder.]

(1) Hence, one who bags all the gold braid for himself.

(2) A Cadet Officer.

Supe, n. [L. “su,” under and Fr. “pois,” weight.]

(1) The Superintendent.

Tendency, n. (obsolete). (1) Something we used to look for.

(2) A draught favorable for carrying tobacco smoke out of one’s room.

Touge, adj. [F. “tout” all and Gr. “ge,” the earth.]

(1) One who thinks he is the whole works.

(2) Affecting tough manners.

Tree, n. [Skr. “darn,” wood.]

(1) A persuasive plant of considerable size bearing wooden fruit.

(2) A list containing the names of the unsat.

Unsat, adj. Abbreviation for “unsaturated,” capable of absorbing to a greater degree.

(2) Unsatisfactory.

Valentine, n. [L. “volere,” to be busy -- A. S. tinc, a pike.]

(1) Hence, get busy and hit the pike.

(2) A request for one’s resignation.

Wooden, adj. [O. E. “woo,” to court -- D. “den” ten.]

(1) Hence, no time for studies.

(2) The opposite of “savez.”

Youngster, n. [Young -- steer.]

(1) Hence, one weaned from milk and oat meal—for corn and rye.

(2) A 3d classman.

Zip, n. (1) Two-thirds of the 400—all of the trees.

(2) Zero.

[EDITOR’S NOTE.—The “Lucky Bag” Staff will positively answer no questions on the authenticity of the above after 3 p. m. January 30, 1905.]



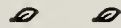
“GIMME A LIGHT.”

Kerflippings.



“Man and boy, I have followed the sea for forty years, and never turned up my coat collar, nor have I ever suffered from cold or sore throat. Young men, your faces are the toughest part of your anatomy.

Step out, ladies!



Young man, you should handle that rifle as carefully as you would a watch---Stupid! miserable!



I don't like this damned echelon formation. You gentlemen come dribbling in here like a line of skirmishers at 200 yards interval, marching by the flank.



You gentlemen may dance well but you get over that wall like a lot of old women. You need nurses, every one of you.





Photo by Miss F. B. Johnston

AT WORK IN RIGGING LOFT OLD SEAMANSHIP BUILDING.



A General Utility Man.



“GOOD morning,” said His Majesty, the Prince of Liars, pleasantly, leaning comfortably back in his asbestos easy-chair, and ceasing lazily to regard the imp who was polishing the tip of the royal tail. “Whom have we here—”

“Most Worshipful Diabolicalness—” respectfully began the dark angel, who had led the captive in, making a salaam so low that he scratched his forehead on a good intention that projected from the floor.

But the newcomer lost no time in ceremony, and pushing his way past the courtier he placed himself squarely in front of the throne. “O Most Outrageous Swindler,” he said haughtily, “I have been sent here to render you service.”

Satan sat up in surprise and waved back a demon who was about to thrust a Nav. p. work under the nose of the new prisoner. “Speak on,” he said. “What qualification have you to render service to me?”

“I was a steward,” said the stranger, “at the United States Naval Academy.”

“What,” cried Beelzebub, “by my cloven hoof! Make him head of the Poisoning Department.”

“Stay,” interrupted the newcomer with a gesture, “I have not done. I was also present on the Summer cruise of 1902. I have made a special study of Gow probs. and was the inventor of the steam radiator in use at the Academy. It was I who first said that all midshipmen were idle, and that a first classman’s life was one of ease and enjoyment. On the plans I submitted were made the first dress-jackets now worn by midshipmen. It was I who concocted the brand of booze sold at Madame’s. I stated that any exam. given could be completed in twenty minutes. In the winter it was I who persuaded the O. C. to keep the uniform “without reefers;” and “reefers” from January 1st to June 7th. Also, I ordered outside breakfast formation when the uniform was reefers all day, and kept the steam off until after November 15th. I persuaded Congress to pass the anti-hazing law, and at my death, demanded that I be buried with military honors on Saturday afternoon. And I—” He paused to breathe.

The Archangel of Darkness stared in amazement. “O wondrous liar! marvelous torturer! worthy son! Thou art indeed a fertile fiend. In my domains I shall make thee second only to myself. Henceforth art thou Grand Vizier, Chief of the Torturers, and Inventor of Falsehoods. Thy years shall be numberless if thou but make my domains fulfil thy plans on earth.”



Yosemite
California

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The Torpedo Attack.



Stealthily, shadowy, see them glide
- Out of the darksome night,
With never a light to attract a shot
From the ships that are hid from sight.

Craftily, fearlessly, how they come
Into the guarded bay;
And many that watch in the mighty ships
Will not see the break of day.

Murderous, pitiless, rushing through,
Leaving a wake of foam,
Messengers sent by the war-god, Death,
To hasten the chosen home.

Extracts From the Log of the Skipper of the "Window Blind."



May 15, 1904. Brite and fare. Themometer risin fast. I am gittin crazy with the hete.

May 16. Thretenin. Boromiter fallin. Gentil gales from N W i axed boy Eklunt to lem me His Clas ring cause i had guv mine to a gurl, but dident tell him So i sed i had lorst mine en i think i hav. But he woodent do it cause he said he wuz scared i'd hock it. I must hav a ring cause meLindy ann is cuming to the farewell Ball an i must Have 1 to show her.

May 17. Wether is hot and Opresin. no Breeze. Coodent borrow no ring.

* * * * *

May 25. Moderatin, still Hot tho. I went out in Town last nite an got chast by the cops wich dident know I was a stewdcat you See my Hare wich wuz shaved off when i wuz sick has not Growed back good yet and the cops thoat i wuz a Convik. U bet i run Back in the cademy purty fast and i had To git over the wall too cuz ole Shannun wuz at the gate and i cut my hands on the glas. i Wuznt scairt of ole Shannun tho i wood whale Time outer him with a Stick but i dident want to rub it in.

May 26. clere and warm. Gentil breeze From west. Themometer stiddy. i went out to carvil Haul last nite but i dident ware my yunifrom ony my cap, wich i Dident hav eny hat. Wile i Wuz thare a orfiser came in But i dident mov just lookt at him as ef to Say who are u. i wonder if hele reconize me i dont Think he wil.

may 27. hotter Than time. he did tho but i got the reporte and tore it up. Ole Hotezhell sez i busted in steme yisterday. cant Borrow no ring yet.

may 28. Orful hot. Boromiter bobbin up and down. also i Busted in skinny but i Think ile git throu all rite as they no wat a good man I Am. Darn the ole ring i cant borrow none and meLindy Ann is cumin termorrer.

may 29. i think the Wurld is going to burn up. Boromiter dropt outen the bottom. meLindy came today but I didnt See her. i dont kno wut to do the other Gurl wont give me my Ring.

May 30. Stormy. Wind blowing a gale and cooler. it is all off Now melindy ann axed me whare wuz my Class ring and she coodent unnerstand my reasons.

may 31. still and cam. themomiter risin ergen. it Is sunday an i Went out saleing with Fridle. u see i wuz steerin the bote and i Dident see the ole Chesapeake wich wuz alongside the dock and ran into her and Broke off the Mast and the bote jist turned rite over. the chese Box hadent orter been There nohow. i got reported yisterday fur not going to formation to Receive the borde of visitors but i am goin to put in a statement dutch strassberry sez he Wood.

June 1. Cloudy and warm, sun breze frum the eastward. i Went over an hit the sik List to-day. i wuz not very Sick but they are going to Hav a infantry drill to day. meLindy is still here.

June 2. Cloudy and hot. Boromiter stedy. it Rained yisterday and they coodent hav There ole infantry drill so they Had liberty all day. jist my Luck to be in The horspiddle.

june 3. Dredful hot. my statemint dident wurk an the docter sez i hev a sore thrate an he is Scared i am Gitting the neumonia. i wisht i Wuz outer this ole horspiddle.

june 4. Hot in here but Its nice outside jist the purtiest wether. al the hard drills is Over now an the fellers are Havin Lots of fun. last nite i saw meLindy ann walkin By with Sunshine an i Jumpt offen the porch to ketch them but meLindy scremed orful cauze i wuz in my pijamas, i had forgot That. now they hav Got me in a back room where i Cant see nuthin. This horspiddle is a orful place.

june 5. Hot as time. cant see out so i Dont know wuts going on. i aint sik. this is the nite for the ball an they wont let me out. i wrote a note To furber today to git me a Smal sak of Bull fur the cruse an nemmind the matches.

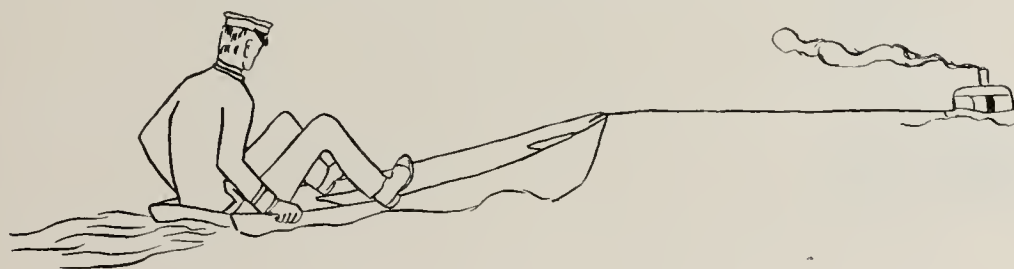
June 6. hot an moist. i had to pack up al my Duds in a hurry i tel u Wen they let me out this mornin i wuz shore glad to git out. i Am going on the Hartford.

* * * * *

july 15. Hot ergen. Boromiter fallin. i havent had time To rite ez i Hav had to wurk most Every day. i went ashore yisterday an stayed so late that i had to Get a little Skift an row out to the ship about 2 o'clock. i got aboard over the boom but they saw me an this mornin the Orfisir of the deck sez to take my barj ashore. i sposed he ment My bote an so i tied it to the Lanch an wuz goin back wen the orficer of the deck Sez o No git in yore barj and i had to git in that littl skift that wuz nerely full uf water an sit in the Back part with my fete on the Sides. every body laffed but i dident couse i got my pants all wet.

july 16. Orful warm. i wuz bote orfisir This mornin and Had to go way Down town fur the liberty Party an i went ashore to send a telegram wen i got back to the Ship they sed i wuz so Late i dident draw eny breakfast an i must Go rite away fur the Orfisirs wich wuz on shore. But i Wuznt goin with out eny brekfast so i went over to the griswul House and got brekfast and Then i went fur the orfisirs, one of them was Fereful mad and swore orful and sed i wuz a hell of a first clasman. Never mind, mister orfisir, u Wont ketch no fish if u Sware so.

july 17. Hot an close. they tole me to day i am put back Another class. oh dere i hav been in here ate yeres an i dont believe i Will ever git Done'



Ruminations of a Rhino.



Joshua wasn't the only man that got ten degrees out in altitude on a time-sight.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the tips of the Steam Department are deceitful.

Blessed is he that standeth in the place of the clean sleever and sitteth not at the staff table, for his ways are ways unnoticed and all his paths are peace.

The prudent man forseeth the watchman, and hideth himself, but the foolish pass on, and are "ragged."

Consider the greaser, how he grows. He toileth not, neither doth he bone, but verily Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed as one of these.

Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not seen the lesson, I am as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal.

For though I have the gift of gab, and understand all languages, but have not a gramophone it availeth me nothing.



With apolooges to José Espronceda, and Huse ever
fault it was we had to learn it.

Notas del árbol caídas,
Unos doses y cincos son,
Los hombres perdidos,
Aye son los abatidos
Por falta de un mal razón.

Dos notas tengo por el año,
Que no se apartan de mé
El primero que tuve en Goodeve
Y el ultimo de Woolsey que vi.

The Marks I Did Not Get.

In the languid days of summer
When the air is still and hot,
I muse upon the greatness
Of the marks I never got.

How the Heads of the Departments
Said that they had never met
With such wisdom as denoted
By the marks I did not get.

That "Completed with distinction
All the course that we have set"
That is not in my diploma,—
Caused by marks I did not get.

Midnight oil, and toil, and labor
And the sleep (more plenteous yet)
Are recalled to my remembrance
By the marks I did not get.

Ah! the castles I had builded
On a sand foundation set!
All have tumbled into ruin
With the marks I did not get.

Phantom stars upon my collar
In eternal night have set
And I meditate in sorrow
On the marks I did not get.



King Villiams.

Shud up! I pud you on de report.

Oh dos tonsils is badly swollen—gif him der goggles—cud off his leg.
Yes! yes! pud 'im on diet.

Does it hurd you much or little?

How you feel, Mr. Stofford?

I feel bum, sir.

Boom! Boom! Don' tell me you feel boom—Boom aint no disease. Tell me dos symptoms.

Vell! How you feel tonight?

Just the same, sir.

Ah! Vell! gif him six of dos tablets.

How you feel?

I'm better tonight, sir.

Gif him five of dos tablets—Nex.

Vell! How you feel—

I don't feel so well, sir.

Vadt? Oh, gif him sefen of dos tablets.

Received by means of suspenders and straps, fastened together with strings and hung out of the window by him, food.



FURBER (Drawing Requisition).—One pair of shoes, please.

CLERK.—What size?

FURBER.—14½.

CLERK.—Did you say collar or shoes?

Jingles
and
Cruise Songs.



*This and
the following pages
were torn from the
Dutchman's Cruise Journal
It appears that other
Midshipmen have
had a word to
add here and
there.
— The Editor.*

Snicker Fritz did stent in the washroom last m

Im only a Plebe on a practice cruise
A pitiful sight to see *aint it the truth.*
You may think Im happy and free from care
But Im not what I seem to be
Tis sad to relate of a wasted life
Adrift on the Ocean wave
My freedom I sold
For Uncle Sam's gold
Im a plebe, on a practice cruise.

*Dutch ate all his meals
under table to-day.*



I've been working on the Chesapeake
All the live long day
I've been working on the Chesapeake
Just to pass the time away
Dont you hear the bosun piping
Ready about stations for stays
Dont you hear the Middies shouting
There's only "n" more days.

Down, down, down in a four posted bed, bed, bed.
It is soft, soft, soft it has often been said, said, said
Just give me two acres of dry land or three
The oceans to big for a sailor like me
The brine may be fine
But the dry land for mine
Down in a four posted bed.

*Whats the tune?
Hamburgers ye jist.
Pop kin ring it party
good.*

*Nu Bedford July 4, overstayed liberty.
Ore man sez he can string us to yard arm 4 that.*

Saved lots of money last month, mels was creakin, chaege, an' prunes.

When the Summer Cruise is over Jessie dear
An' this ~~dear~~ ^{damned} old tub is tied up for a year
Then you'll hear the Bosun say now jump up ^{up} use cadets in
Middies aft and draw your pay \$1.00 the gangway.
When the Summer Cruise is over Jessie dear.



When the Summer Cruise is over Jessie dear
And we've learned the lead of all the running gear
Then no more we'll lower the punt
Furl away and stow the hant
When the Summer Cruise is over ~~Jessie~~ dear.
Redelia
No Jessie
who learned it?
What oil gas taken.



When the Summer Cruise is over Jessie dear
And there's no mid-watch nor Nav exam to fear
Running boat crew goes ashore In rowd fracas ashore
Rows the savvys never more every port,
For the Summer Cruise is over Jessie dear. Cog you're a wooden
block head!



where's the coxain?
in bottom o' the boat smokin' I guess.

who's that in the bow?
a mess attendant!

Out o'right o'law for 10 days, farmer Boss can always
point out to us which way is law.
He kin smel the hay ashore

Big fat Joe
Roared at us so
And roared at us so did he
He called for his book
And he called for his ham
"Who got my book?" said he.



Harry Bats climbed over the wall
They saw him in cits at Carvel Hall
And all the watchmen, and every gyrene
Were a layin' for Harry, but Harry's not green.

← Mike Robinson

There was a man in our class
Square Hugo was his name
When all hands busted cold in Math
Square said he'd done the same
But when the marks were posted up
And every one was sore
Square smiled at us that savvy smile
For he had made a 4.

I made a 4 once in phylogeny.



I'm tired of bein' the goat
Some one has just jumped down my throat
They hammer and kick me
And some of them lick me
I'm tired of bein' the goat.

That's Dags.
Wote Dags?
The goat is square head

Aug 13. Fonley ragged stealin' watermelon, and Jack Stapler.

The man papped B. Guleb for swearin July 3.

I know a man, his name is Dot
What I'm tellin ye's no darn rot
Tuther name's Bummy Green
He is loved by a dusky queen.
Loves to rough house with old Matchew,
Loves to yell "Stroke!" for a winnin' crew
Terrible voice has this little tot
When he gets to yellin' for Dot.



Old 'Dad-gum-it', up an' swore
There's no use to signal with the pinafore
Swaying across Dad lost his hat
Where's that "Dad-gum." lizard at?
Terrible man from the Texas plains
Tries to play ball buttin' out his brains
This one question shows he is a rube
"In action how'd ye use the Morris tube?"

1st buff made Binaly sit on fore royal in rain all mornin. July 14.
Storm drove us nor'east brot up 150 mi. off Bay o' funday July 22.

Story told seam for skyfankin July 10



Old De Witt Liggett
 Turned on the spigot
 To draw him a quart of rye
 When along came Doc Court
 Ran away with the quart
 And said what a great man am I.

E likes it purty well.
 Likes wot?
 Tea you ole block

Strass yelled to Cook *the one that puts in so much lead.*
 Just look at the crook *wot's that?*
 Spooks Olaf he set up a cry *The ole man say a land shark.*
 But Squabby and Bill *Bill's numbeeh.*
 Were after that still
 Or what was much better — the rye. *no bet*

Up jumped Ken Whiting *Hero Deer. Saved man wot fell overboard*
 So mad he was fighting
 Dago started to swear
 Tommy and Stiffy
 Shoved off in a jiffy
 And Spuds gave up in despair.

Then Pogy and Squire
 Began screaming fire *ole Shannon*
 The watchman came in on the run *The varmint.*
 They overhauled Court
 And brought him up short
 And now my story is done.

They're a num bunch.

I bet the log was done 2.

Jublay fel down steam-building steps, almost sworl.

Sing a song o' "Sunshine"
A bucket full o' slush
Four and twenty chorus girls
Coming at a rush
When they saw "Sunshine"
The girls began to sing
Isn't he a pretty boy
I'd like to wear his ring.
"Sunshine" was happy
The girls, he hot, were grand
A chubby lass drew close to him
The ring came off his hand.



Savvy Jax Leary
Put in the query
Oh why is the P. work so short
I've worked all of mine
Had plenty of time
I think I'll get a big grease if I ask to go out now.

Steam's word 'n' that

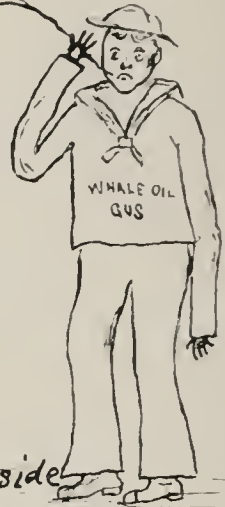
Yer a

Here comes Hugh
He's in a great stew.
A rumor he has for your ear
You stop and you listen
Hugh really thinks this'un
Will happen — just wait for a year.

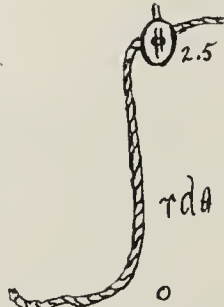


put bump under punt to-day, July 10.

Sir I let go the
Kedge Anchor
By mistake



A sailor sailed the bring blue
"Whale-oil-Gus" his name
Of Seamanship he knew a few.
As sample of the same —
"Let go fore sheet!" the Captain cried,
Whale gave a line a flip
Ker-plunk, ker-splash, went o'er the side
He'd anchored fast the ship.



I can't see him,
Course ye want.

Has any one seen Woodson Sal
A hangin' round the place?
Why there he stands, the integral,
Behind the top's'l brace.

father name's "Starvation."

"Disriq the peloris" —
Sung bovine-eyed Morris,
"The foghorn is calling for me
I smell the green pastures
of Amsterdam town
And I long to roam over the lea."

Dick never was a good speller.
We a good un alrite.
Dry up.



more days

Reno ragged playincards in fore hold.

Old Scotch Up-to-date.

“If a Middy meet a giddy
Girl upon a ship,
And she smile with joy the while,
Don't always think her flip.
Every giddy girl likes Middies,
Even so do I,
So don't be shocked now when I say
I love one on the sly.”



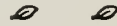
Advice to the Middie's Girl.

Take care! Beware! They are fooling thee! Ever wearing like their handkerchiefs their hearts in their sleeves. Of course, their sleeves are tight, but their hearts can easily be crushed—in fact, they are never very large except when they are in the imagination of a girl who is on her first visit to Annapolis and who has probably just walked home from a hop with a dear little middie who does not like to break regulations (?) and get a carriage, and thinks as it is such a beautiful moonlight night—and then, you know, he has a strong arm and won't let her slip on the ice. Foxy! Beware!!

But, dear girl, don't walk on the ice or on a poor pavement with them too much before the ball or your arm will be black and blue.

But a middie at Annapolis is mild. A summer girl is pretty bad, but when it comes to a SUMMER MIDDIE! hold your breath, keep your eyes open and be ready to jump.

A MIDDIE'S GIRL.



Remembered as the Day Goes (By).

Wail, eef you hef doan whad you sayed, you had better not spik eet so loud, for you hav sayed that you forched a bang note.

What is shéponer?

Oh eet ees wan of the stets, Senor Swanin, but eet wood not be recognized eef you shood say eet in Spahnessh.

Stoff! stoff! It ees not stoff; eet ees Spaneesh. You shouldt be more imoginatif.



Deux Appelles a Memoire.

For the banefeet hof de meedsheepmen hantering en Saiptember, Chist out, bailee een, upta haid, hans falling natoorally en da rang.

Horder-r-r-r---Harms! O-n-e---two three.

Shudt hanyone feel like has he wand to compute, wether iss he a first glassman or wether iss he a fort glassman, he is going carry away dot prize. I mysailf hev sometime med bresent, very valooble bresent from my own poget; mebbe I do eet again.

Hope for the Bilging!



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Before using your wonderful invention, I hit the tree regularly. The purchase of one or dis hear machines has raised my mark so that I don't go to the night study party—See heah fellah—

SENOR DON JEFE DE GADDIS.

PROF SCREWJACK:—

For two years I was barely sat in Languages. One day I heard of the rapid rise in marks of some of the purchasers of your machines. I bought one on Thursday and sent regrets to the tea party on Saturday.

Yours for a 2.5,

CARLOS MAQUINA AUSTIN.

The Close of Day.



The day is dying,
The gulls low flying,
The wind is falling,
The ocean calm.

Sweet bells are ringing,
Sailors are singing,
Old yarns are spinning,
("Six bells" has gone).

Through darkness falling,
The bugle is calling.
Lights out till the morning,
The day is dead.



A-A-ALL THE PORT WATCH !!



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND,

In Parting.

I.

Oh, I pray thee, sweet, slender maiden,
So wistfully looking away,
Would those eyes, that are almost tear laden,
Were it not for this parting be gay?

III.

That not all of the Araby's daughters,
Nor the amorous sirens that dwell
Midst the Mediterranean's waters
Can lure my heart to rebel.

II.

Surely hoary old Neptune had never
A follower fairer than thou;
And in parting more fervent than ever,
I answer thine eyes with the vow,

IV.

For the depth of the limitless ocean
And the blue of the Midsummer sea
Shall recall of thine eyes the devotion
As in parting they rested on me.

V.

In the stilly night watch the caresses
Of the south wind will tell me of thee,
And the stars that are meshed in the tresses
Of night are thy thoughts upon me.

A Revery.



THE fire burns low on the hearth, and the dying light of the embers fashion vague shadows in the smoke. The scenes of other days pass in fantastic procession through my wearied thoughts, and I live again the moments now part of that great gulf we call the Past.

I see a stranger wandering in a time-worn town, planning the great things that he should do in the new life. I see the examination room and the crowd before the names posted on the door. I hear the mumbled oath, and the casual "Kiss the book."

And then the blue smoke wreathes itself into a vision of the Severn, and of old buildings clustered among graves upon its banks. I see a ship under the stars with her canvass mounting far up into the dark sky, rocking her human freight to sleep in the sweet fresh south wind.

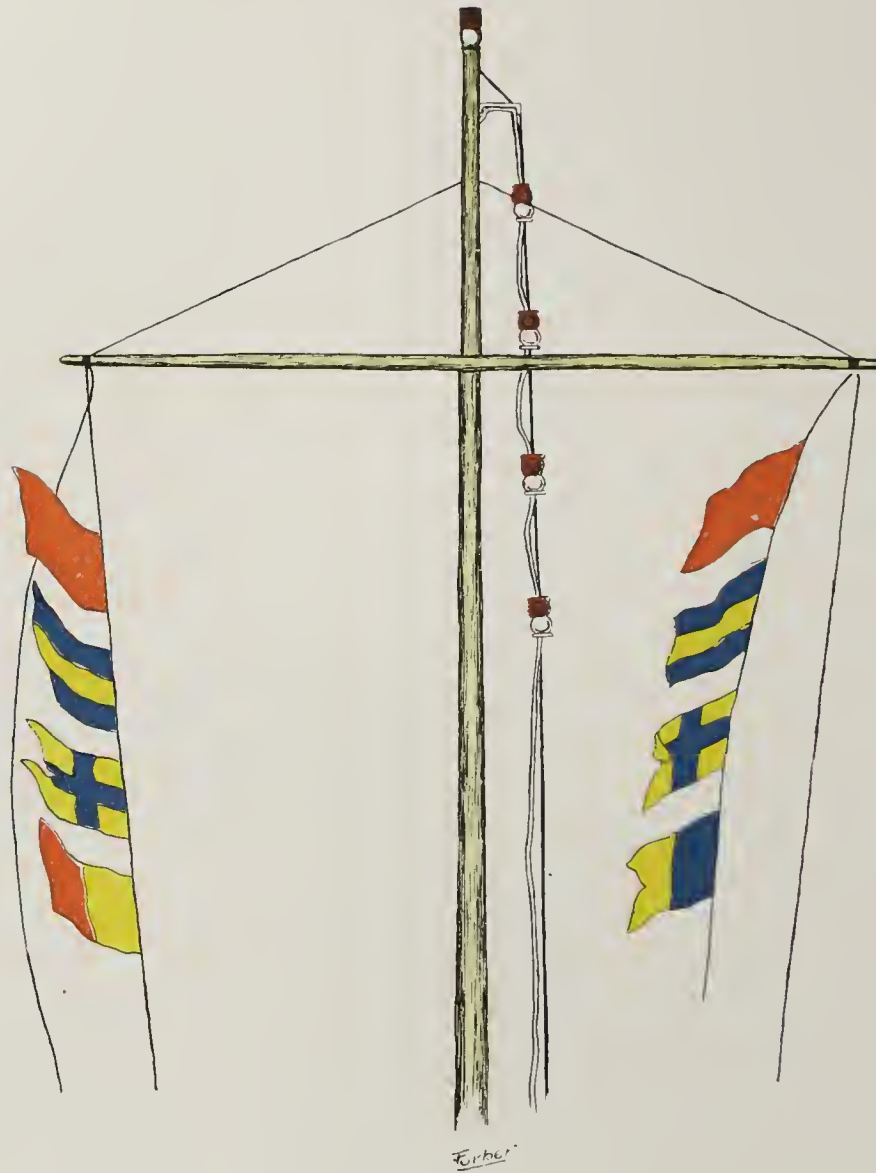
Faces, too, I see in the firelight,—faces I learned to know in the years that are gone, familiar in the tedious routine, with a smile in moment of joy and help in the hour of need. I see them in room, in section, in ranks, on the deck of a ship, and again at that last hand grip when I bade them good-bye.

But the embers are nearly dead. The trees and buildings and ships are blended in the ashes, and the faces are faded away. The sounds of laughter, the tones of the bugle, the shouting of orders are sunken too faint to hear.

The old days are gone as the shadows, and the new ones lie before me



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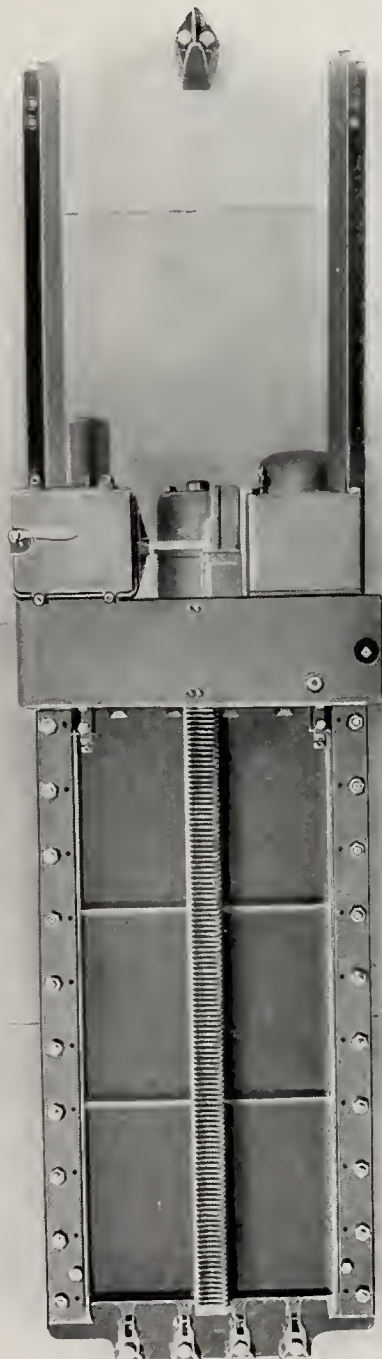
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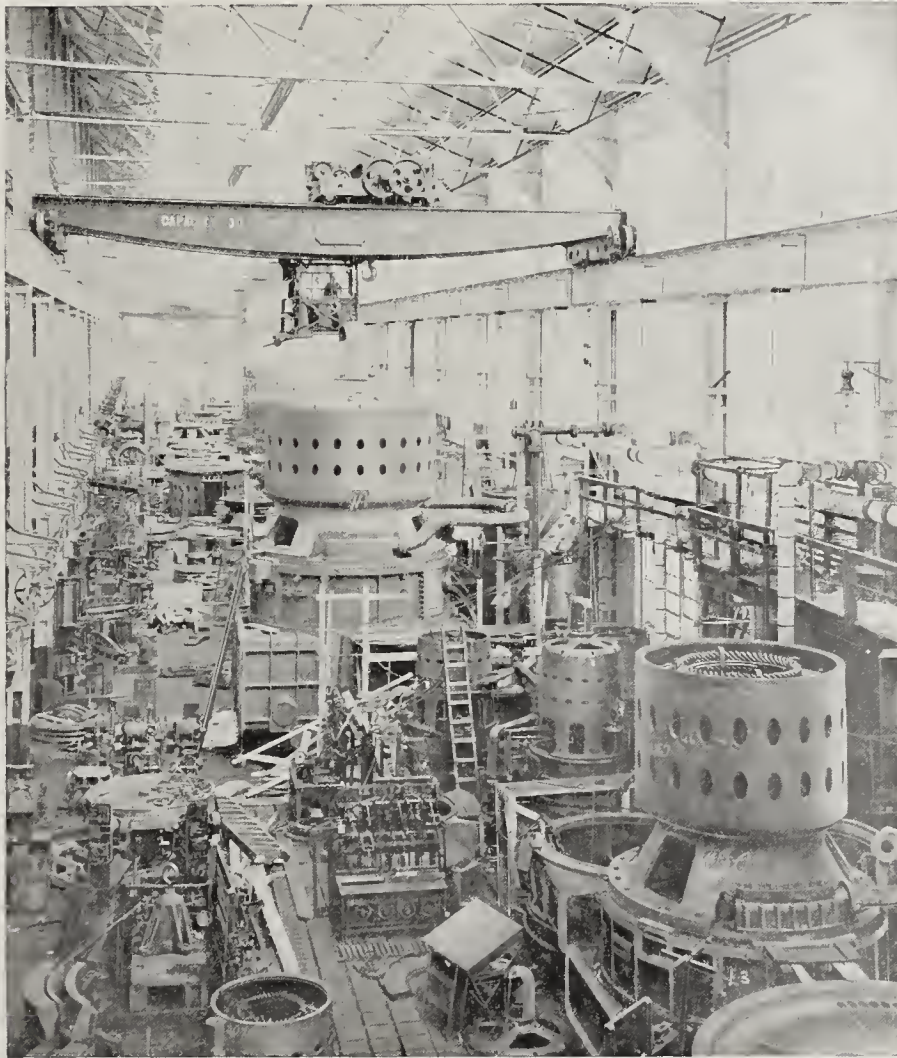
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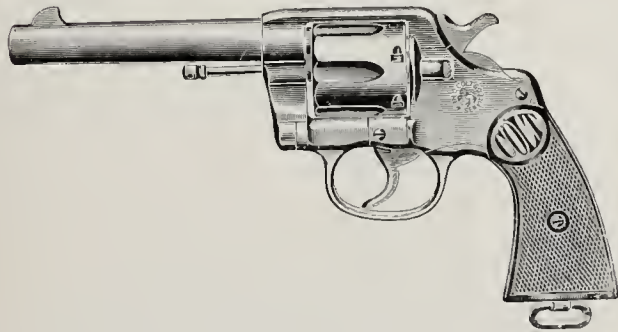


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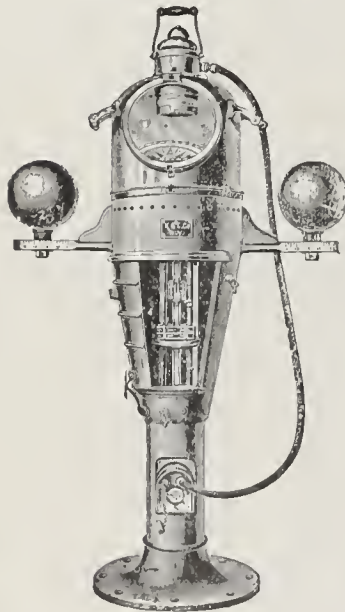
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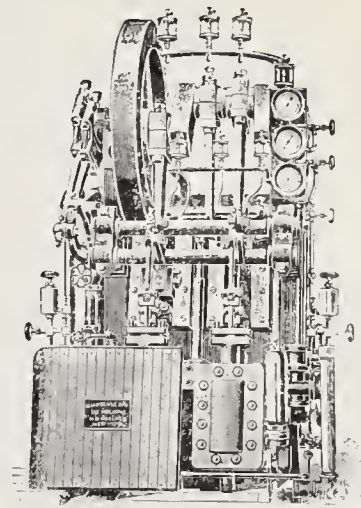
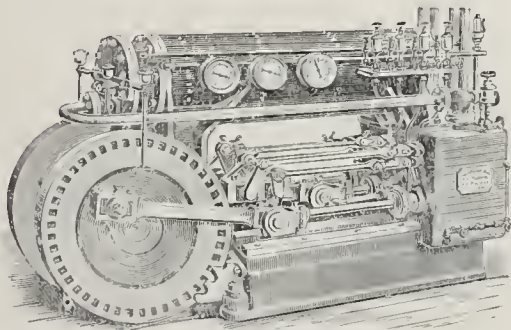
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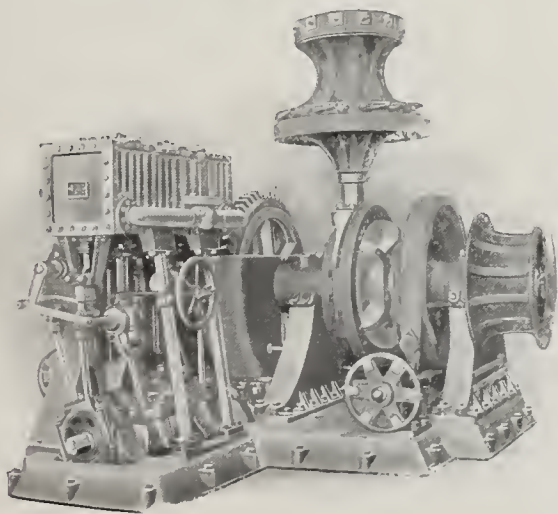
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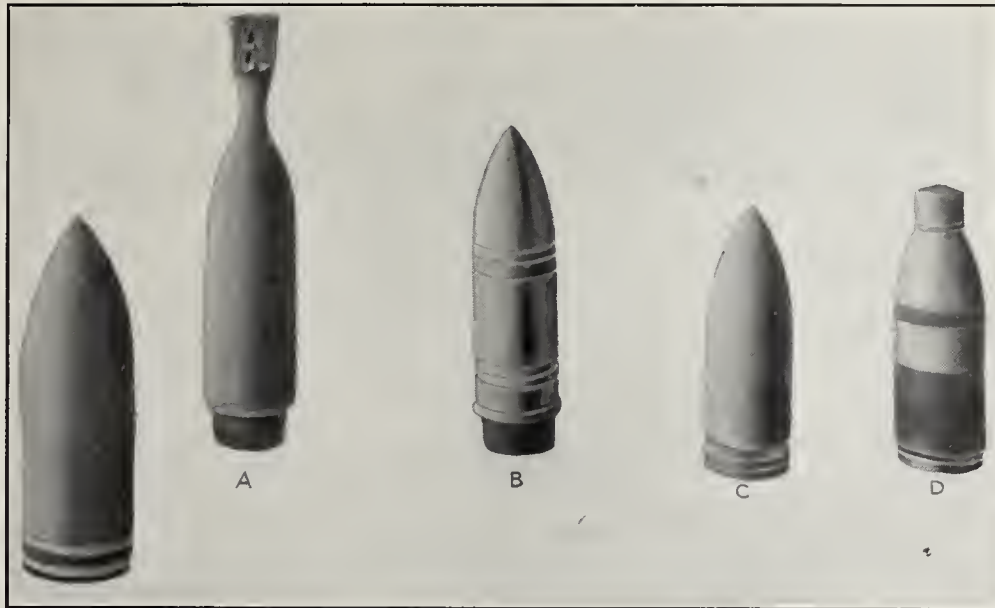
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Real Estate	14,835,140.61
Cash	5,301,220.90
Loans to Policyholders	1,850,144.14
Premiums, deferred, and in course of collection (Net)	3,000,401.30
Accrued Interest, Rents, etc	679,298.32
	\$105,656,311.60

LIABILITIES

Reinsurance Fund and Special Reserves	\$94,008,251.00
All other Liabilities	956,188.04
Capital and Surplus	10,691,872.56
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Paid to Policyholders since Organization, plus the Amount now Invested for their Security, **\$238,295,968.84**
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INCOME	ASSETS	SURPLUS	POLICIES IN FORCE	OUTSTANDING INSURANCE
1893—\$2,082,619.05	\$2,186,622.24	\$627,368.24	531,048	\$83,425,107.00—1883
1898—15,216,236.65	19,343,705.06	4,109,689.92	2,940,226	353,177,217.00—1893
1903—49,887,804.11	105,656,311.60	10,691,872.56	7,523,915	1,342,381,457.00—1903

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This Company's Policy-claims paid in 1903 averaged in number one for each minute and a third of each business day of 8 hours each, and, in amount, \$89.00 a minute the year through.

THE DAILY AVERAGE OF THE COMPANY'S BUSINESS DURING 1903 WAS:

- 359 per day in Number of Claims Paid.
- 6,297 per day in Number of Policies Issued.
- \$1,303,559.06 per day in New Insurance Written.
- \$98,682.76 per day in Payments to Policy-holders and addition to Reserve.
- \$53,841.18 per day in Increase of Assets.

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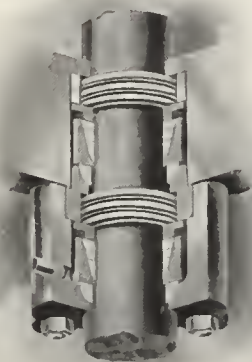
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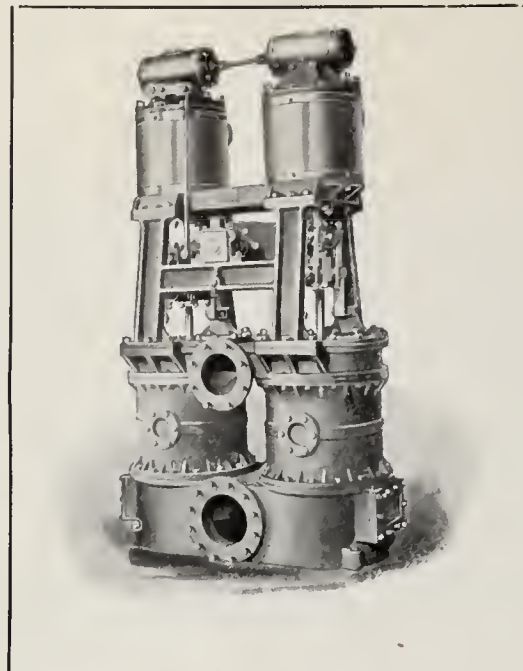
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KEARSARGE	NEBRASKA	RALEIGH	CONNECTICUT
KENTUCKY	AMPHITRITE	PENNSYLVANIA	LOUISIANA
ALABAMA	MONTEREY	WEST VIRGINIA	MINNESOTA
ILLINOIS	TERROR	CALIFORNIA	VERMONT
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MASSACHUSETTS	MARBLEHEAD	FOX	GUNBOATS 14 AND 15
ALABAMA	SAN FRANCISCO	STRINGHAM	GUNBOAT No. 10
WISCONSIN	OLYMPIA	DAHLGREN	BANCROFT
MAINE (New)	MILWAUKEE	TORPEDO BOAT No. 2	REVENUE CUTTER No. 1
OHIO	RALEIGH	BLAKELY	REVENUE CUTTER No. 2
GEORGIA	SOUTH DAKOTA	DE LONG	REVENUE CUTTER No. 3
NEW JERSEY	CALIFORNIA	SHUBRICK	REVENUE CUTTER No. 12
RHODE ISLAND	NEWARK	STOCKTON	REVENUE CUTTER GALVESTON
CONNECTICUT	PHILADELPHIA	THORNTON	GOLDEN GATE
WASHINGTON	CHATTANOOGA	DALE	DEXTER
KANSAS	CLEVELAND	DECATUR	L. H. TENDER "OLEANDER"
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